

Earl Edgar Allen

Born 25 Sep 1903 #2
Columbus, Co.IN
Marr 28 Jun 1923
Champaign, Illinois
Died 04 Apr 1964
Indianapolis, Indiana

Coen Clark Allen

Born 22 Jul 1875 #4
Brown County, Indiana
Marr 04 Jul 1896
Columbus, Co.IN
Died 30 Jan 1960
Anderson, Indiana

Minnie Ann Crouch

Born 21 Nov 1870 #5
Brown County, Indiana
Died 12 Mar 1938
Alexandria, Indiana

Shirley Jean Allen

Born 05 Oct 1926 #1
Madison County, Indiana
Marr 10 Feb 1946
Madison County, Indiana
Spouse: Maurice Evans Hannaford

Francis M. Sweet

Born 12 Dec 1872 #6
Champaign Co. IL
Marr 27 Dec 1896
Champaign, Illinois
Died 18 May 1922
Mahomet, Co.IL

Clara Opal Sweet

Born 26 Jun 1905 #3
Mahomet, Co.IL
Died 19 Mar 1980
Tampa, Co.FL

Minnie A. Bennett

Born 28 Dec 1879 #7
Piatt County, Illinois
Died 08 Apr 1963
Phoenix, Arizona

William Allen

Born 06 Apr 1833 #8
Wetzel, West Virginia
Marr 29 Nov 1863
Brown County, Indiana
Died 29 Jan 1921
Brown County, Indiana

Melissa Jane Truex

Born 15 Sep 1842 #9
Ohio
Died 04 Dec 1914
Brown County, Indiana

Daniel Crouch

Born 1832 #10
Marr 14 Sep 1865
Brown County, Indiana
Died 03 Apr 1894
Brown County, Indiana

Amanda Henderson

Born 16 Nov 1846 #11
Ohio
Died 1876
Brown County, Indiana

William B. Sweet

Born 09 Mar 1848 #12
Kentucky
Marr 25 Feb 1872
Champaign Co. IL
Died 17 Mar 1885
Champaign Co. IL

Martha J. Wright

Born 09 Mar 1847 #13
Pickaway County, Ohio
Died 22 Dec 1923
Mahomet, Co.IL

Joseph Bennett

Born 05 Nov 1839 #14
Marr 25 Feb 1866
Lewistown, Illinois
Died 09 Apr 1892
Piatt County, Illinois

Eliza Ann Wilson

Born 11 Mar 1850 #15
Fulton County, Illinois
Died 30 Aug 1921
Piatt County, Illinois

John Allen

Born c1802 #16
Marr c1826
Died 1852
Rebecca Goddard
Born 28 Mar 1808 #17
Died 20 Feb 1884

Henry Truex

Born 25 Jan 1816 #18
Marr 21 Feb 1836
Died 01 Feb 1892
Saloma Moore
Born 14 Mar 1816 #19
Died 13 Nov 1899

William Crouch

Born c1809 #20
Marr 24 Sep 1827
Died Bet:1853/58
Amy Reynolds
Born c1807 #21
Died 1868

John M. Henderson

Born 22 Jul 1806 #22
Marr 10 Feb 1825
Died 02 Aug 1875
Jane Steele
Born 10 Feb 1807 #23
Died By 1860

Matilda Sweet

Born ca1821 #25
Truman Wright
Born ca1820 #26
Marr 02 Mar 1843
Died Bef 1900
Elizabeth Shacklett
#27

Died ca 1847

Abraham Bennett

Born ca1811 #28
Marr 14 Jun 1832
Died 01 Jan 1879
Katherine Runyon
Born c1812 #29
Died 1860/1865

Benjamin A. Wilson

Born 16 Apr 1827 #30
Marr 20 Dec 1846
Died 14 Aug 1878
Charlotte E. Grigsby
Born 08 Jan 1822 #31
Died 16 May 1907

John Allen #32

Before 1765 - Jan 1841
Rebecca #33
1773 - 13 Aug 1827
Francis Goddard #34
1780-1790 - Apr 1831
Hannah #35
b. 1787
Benjamin Truex #36
30 May 1770 - 31 Mar 182
Catherine Sams #37
14 Nov 1776 - 12 Apr 183
William Moore #38
1784 - 1819
Elizabeth King #39
1784 - 22 Feb 1867
Aaron Crouch #40
02 Feb 1786 - 08 Feb 1848
Mary "Polly" Cassidy #41
c1788 - 1868

Melissa Sweet #51

b. 1799
Truman Wright #52
16 May 1782 - 10 Feb 186
Effelecta/Electa #53
16 Nov 1785 - 07 Apr 185

Abraham Bennett #56

1768 - 1832
Mary Collins #57
1777 - 1799/1871
William Runyon #58
1774 - bet 1850-60
Mary E. Cheuvront #59
b. 08 Dec 1777
John Sears Wilson #60
12 Mar 1783 - 03 Apr 186
Nancy Lynn #61
13 Dec 1785 - 17 Feb 184
Nathaniel Grigsby #62
1785 - 1824
Sarah Keeling #63
07 Feb 1792 - 27 Jul 1882

Bandon, original settlers Co. Cork

Updated 18 June 1999

Transcribed from the "History of Bandon" by G.E. Bennett 1869 by Suzanne Lisson and posted here with her kind permission.

I thought I would supply this list of original settlers in Bandon, Co. Cork, as found in the book "History of Bandon" by G.E. Bennett 1869. I purchased my copy (on microfiche) from the London Society of Genealogists whose site is <http://www.cs.ncl.ac.uk/genuki/SoG/Booklist/Fiche97.html> It explains that in 1585 a group of what we would call well-to-do men from Somersetshire Co., England were granted acreage on condition that they bring over settlers to work the land.

One gentleman, Fane BEECHER (12000 acres) brought over the following settlers-(not in alphabetical order) ABBOT, ALCOCK, ADDERLY, AMOS, BERNARD, BURNHAM, BALDWIN, BLAIR, BENNETT, BOSWELL, BLUET, BROOKS, BLACKWELL, BEAMISH, BROAKE, CORKWELL, COLE, CAREY or CAREW, CROFTS, COX, CLAMPETT, CECIL, COBB, DAUNT, ELLWELL, ELMS, FLEMMING, GRENVILLE, GREATRAKES, HEWITT, HOOPER, HARRISON, HOSKINGS, HERRICK, HARRIS, HICKEY, JUMPER, JIFFORD, JOYCE, LAUGHTON, LEWELLIN, LODWEEKE, LANE, LAMBERT, LAKE, KENT, MASKYLINE, MARTYN, MANSFIELD, NEWELL, NUEE, NICHOLAS, PROWTE, PRESTON, POOLE, PEYTON, RASHLEIGH, RADLEY, RAKE, RICHMOND, SPENCER, STAMMERS, SKIPWITH, SNOOKS, STANLEY, SELBY, SKIPARD, SHORTRED, SHORTCLIFF, STEPHENS, STOKES, SEYMOUR, SAUNDERS, TURNER, TATE, TAYLOR, VICK, WHALEY, WIGHT, WARE, WARREN, WARREN, WARRING, WOODHOUSE, WITHERHEAD, WITHERS, WINIFRED. I have no further info on these families so please don't write asking for more details.

The second group of settlers to Bandon in 1620. They were Puritans and were called "the English Protestants" when they came over. They were principally from Taunton and Kingston in Somersetshire Co., England. Barrett suggests in his book "History of Bandon" that one group of Puritans left on the Mayflower and this is another group. The names listed are.....

ALLEN, ALDWORTH, ALCOCK, ANSTICE, ARTHUR, AVENY, BALL, BROWNE, BASS, BAKER, BURCHILL, BANKS, BANFIELD, BUTTERFIELD, BRADFIELD, BRADFORD, BEECH, BOND, BEEK, BIGGS, BARBER, COOMBES, COOK, CONZELL, CHINNERY, CLARKE, CASTLE, CHONOCK, DAVIS, DAWSON, DRAPER, DOWDEN, DUN, DANGER, EMERSON, EVERETT, EDWARDS, FRANKLIN, FULLER, GATES, GABRIEL, GILES, GASH, GOOD, GARDINER, GOODMAN, GOSNELL, GOSS, GOODWIN, GIBSON, GIBBINGS, HOPKINS, HARMAN, HOLMES, HAWES, HILL, HARTE, HAMMETT, HENDLEY, HUDSON, JEFFRIES, KNIGHT, KING, LEISTER, LEDBETTER, LYNDSEY, LEGGE, MAY, MEDLEY, MORRIS, MAYBERRY, MANDERS, PALMER, POWELL, PETERS, POPHAM, QUARRY, ROE, ROGERS, RUSSELL, RICE, RUBIE, RICHARDSON, SEMISTER, STEED, SERGEANT, SERAGGS, SHAW, SLOANE, SIMMONS, SHORTEN, SKUSE, SHORTRED, STROUD, TAPE, TURNER, TREMAN, TRINDER, VARIAN, WILSON, WILMOT, WILLIAMS, WHEELER, WHELPLEY, WOODLEY, WERFERED, WEEKES.

Back to the Cork Page

London
original letters
Co. Ltd.

London 15 June 1924

Dear Sir,
I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 11th inst.

in relation to the matter of the proposed extension of the London & Lancashire
Railway Company's line from the London Station to the Victoria Station.
I am sorry to hear that the proposed extension is not being carried out.
I am sure that the London & Lancashire Railway Company will be able to
arrange for the necessary facilities for the proposed extension.

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Yours faithfully,
The London & Lancashire Railway Company

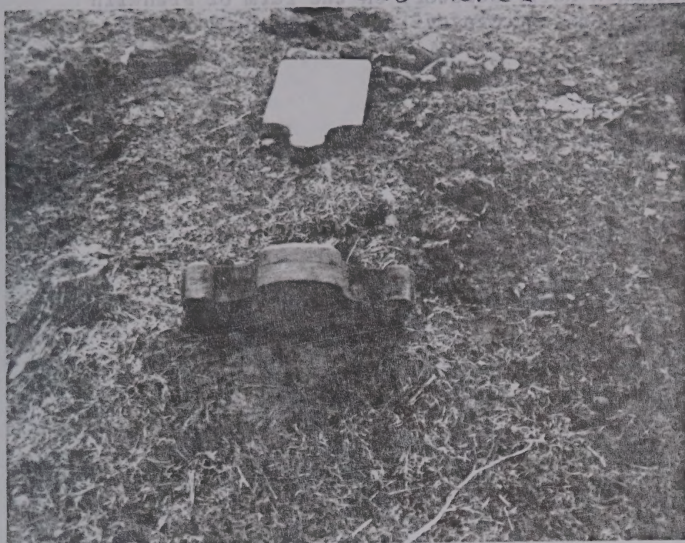
JOHN ALLEN WHO CAME
FROM CO. CORK, IRELAND

BUCHANAN-KELLY CEMETERY
GRAYSVILLE RD - MOUNDSVILLE WV



ALLEN
JOHN REBECCA
1760 - JAN 1841 1773 — 1827
REBECCA
23 SEPT 1810 - 5 OCT 1823

OLD STONES



Monument (foreground) of Rebecca Allen,
daughter of John and Rebecca.

OLD STONES

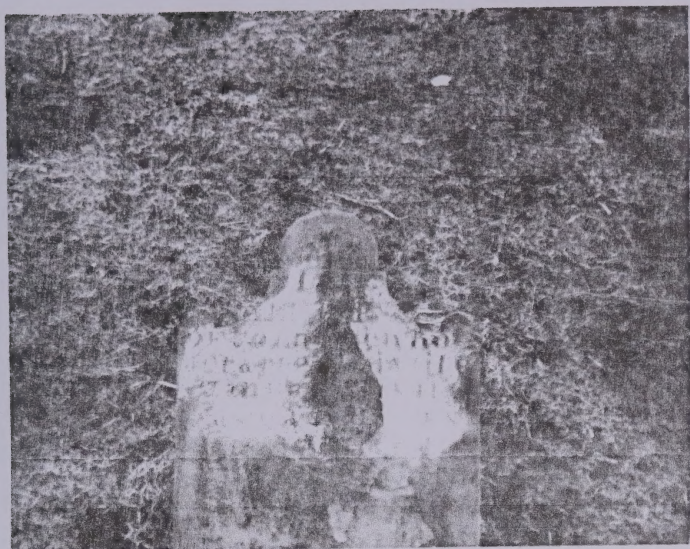


Monument of John Allen

Buchanon-Kelly Cemetery on the farm of Franklin
Francis on the Graysville Rd. Marshall Co. WV

Monument (foreground) of Rebecca Allen,
daughter of John and Rebecca.

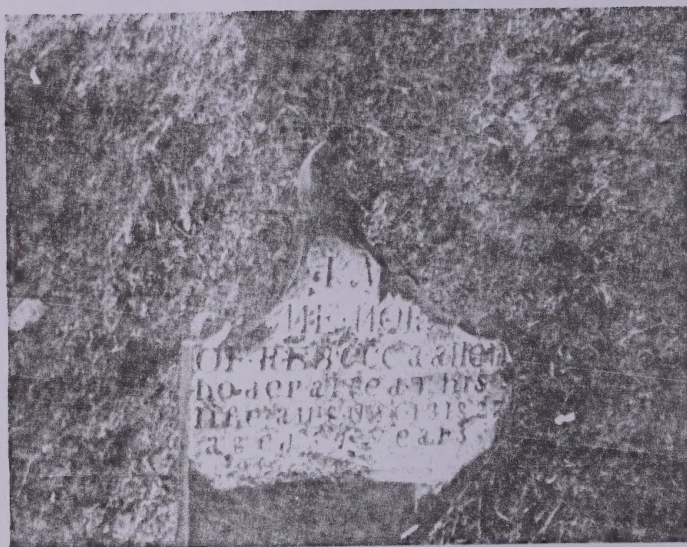
Monument of John Allen



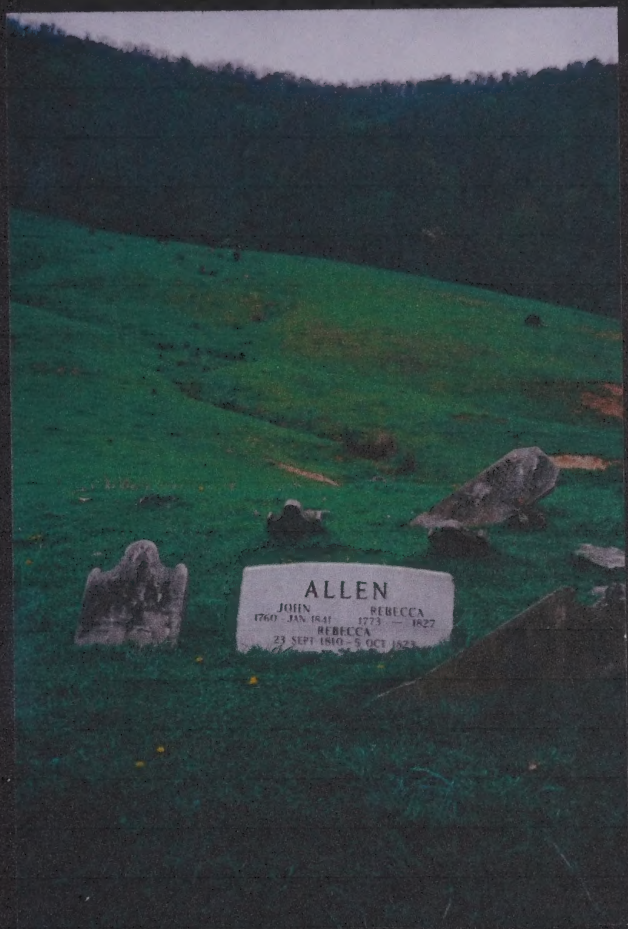
Monument of John Allen



Monument (foreground) of Rebecca Allen,
daughter of John and Rebecca.



Monument of Rebecca Allen, wife of John



ALLEN
JOHN 1760 - JAN. 1841 - 1773 - 1827
REBECCA
23 SEPT 1840 - 5 OCT 1823

WILLIAM ALLEN FAMILY

Our Allen family begins with two brothers, John and William, who became citizens in Philadelphia PA in 1798 after emigrating from County Cork, Ireland. Our ancestor John owned property in the Southwark District of Philadelphia and was a drayman. During a Yellow Fever epidemic John left the area and settled in what is now Marshall County, West Virginia. John, his wife Rebecca and a daughter Rebecca are all buried in the Buchanan-Kelly Cemetery near Moundsville, West Virginia.

The three known children who lived to maturity were William, John and Jane. William was a farmer and a lay minister and married many people in the Proctor WV area. He was married to Sarah Brown and was the father of fourteen children. Jane was married to Ephraim Hall and six children were born to this union.

Our ancestor was John who married Rebecca Goddard, daughter of Francis and Hannah Goddard of Greene Co. PA. John and Rebecca were the parents of twelve children: Francis (married Hannah Martin), Dorcas (married James Wade and Eugenius Walker), Rebecca, Hannah (married Nelson Minor), William (married Mary J. Goddard and Melissa Truex), Elizabeth, John, Sarah J. (married Benjamin F. Postlethwait), Solomon B. (married Jemima Wise), George W. (married Hulda Rambo), James Alexander (married Nancy Richmond), Daniel W. (married Martha Rosenberger).

Our great grandfather William came to Brown County IN in 1863 after the death of his first wife. William's mother, Rebecca Goddard Allen, also came to Brown County with her second husband, William Coen. A few months after William's arrival he married Melissa J. Truex, daughter of Henry Truex and Saloma More. The Truex lineage has been traced back to Philippe du Trieux who was a Walloon and living in Roubaix, France, where he was a dyer and cloth maker. He came to New Amsterdam in 1624 and was one of the first settlers. He was the founder of the first

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Protestant Church in America.

William and Mary Jane had four children: Eunice and Emily who died young, Joshua and Sylvania (married William Pittman). William and Melissa had six children: Mary Jane (married Charles Gates), Matilda Rubertie (married James Judson Wilson), William Henry (married Pearl Williams), George Ira (married Mary Penrose), Coen Clark (married Minnie Ann Crouch) and Frank Reuben (married Viola Pike). Many of this family are buried in the New Bellsville Cemetery.

My grandparents were Coen and Minnie (Crouch) Allen who were both born in Brown County. Minnie was the daughter of Daniel Crouch and Amanda Henderson. Daniel was the son of William Crouch and Amy Reynolds. William was the son of Aaron Crouch and Mary "Polly" Cassady. Aaron was an early settler of Bartholomew County IN arriving by 1820. He was the son of David Crouch of Montgomery Co. VA. Amanda Henderson was the daughter of John Henderson and Jane Steele who came to Brown County during the Civil War from Washington County Ohio.

Coen and Minnie had five children: Charles who died as an infant and is buried at New Bellsville, Jesse, W. (married Evelyn Printz), Ray (married Dorothy Manuel), Marie (married Lewis P. Smith) and my father Earl (married Clara Sweet).

It has been many years since our Allens left Brown County but it still remains close to our hearts.

Shirley J. Hannaford
R.2 Box 328A
Wolcottville IN 46795

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Shirley J. Hannaford
R. 2 Box 328A
Mooresville IN 46755

CHILDREN OF MARY
SANE GODDARD + WM
ALLEN



Joshua
and
Sylvania



Rebecca Goddard Allen Coen



William Coen



NEW BELLSVILLE
CEMETERY



Rebecca's will

Sylvana Jettison

One feather bed

James Allen

One feather Bed

William Allen

One feather Bed

Hulda Allen

One Balneal Shirt

Doreas Walker

One Black dress and cape

Sarah F. Postle

One new dress

Matie Allen

One Buckram Skirt and head

George Allen One Bible

Hulda Allen One plain dress and

Mary F. and Betsy Allen

Red Plats

Elizabeth Mathews One plain dress

Pattern



William Allen Family

Back row - Coen - Rubertie - William - Mary - Ira

Front row - Joshua - William - Melissa & Frank - Sylvania & Elmer



William Allen home stood on this hill
near New Bellesville, Indiana



Old barn on the William Allen farm -
across the road from the house



William & Melissa Allen



OBITUARY

BROWN COUNTY DEMOCRAT...

Largest Woman Expires

NASHVILLE

Mrs. Malissa Allen, a pioneer of Brown County, who died suddenly while helping her daughter to prepare supper, was the largest woman in Brown County, weighing 475 lbs. and being 6 ft. tall.

A special casket, 6 ft.-6 in. long and 3 ft. wide, was used.

The body was conveyed from the house to the cemetery in a heavy spring wagon.

William Allen, the aged husband fainted when he found the body, and is in a critical condition.

Mrs. Allen had lived in Brown County 60 yrs.

She leaves the following children,

Coen Allen, a policeman at Columbus,

Ira Allen and Frank Allen of Indianapolis.

Mrs. Judson Wilson, Mary and Joshua of this county.

She died December 4, 1914.



COEN
CLARK
ALLEN

Coen Clark Allen



MINNIE ANN
(CROUCH)
ALLEN

Minnie Ann (Crouch) Allen



Jesse
Ray Earl
Marie



Marie Allen



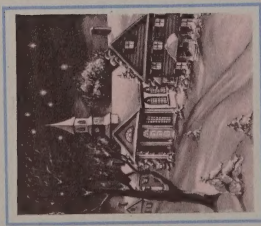
Earl - Ray

10X5179

MADE IN U.S.A.

A Merry Christmas





Wishing you much happiness,

AT CHRISTMAS

and during

THE COMING YEAR

Mary



Coen Allen

Minnie Allen
w/Fonda Lou Allen



Coen C. Allen

Mary Good Allen



Old schoolhouse where Grandad &
Jesse attended.
North on road out of New Belles-
ville, Indiana



Haynes Place
Mahomet, Ill



Francis Allen Expires Today



FRANCIS (TINY) ALLEN

Francis (Tiny) Allen, 33, well-known local basketball player who at one time performed for the Anderson Packers, died at St. John's Hospital this morning at 1:30 after being ill since undergoing an operation last week.

He resided with his mother and step-father, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Shockney, 816 Alhambra Dr.

Mr. Allen was born in Champaign, Ill., and reared in Muncie, graduating from Muncie Central High School, where he starred in basketball, in 1942. Following his high school graduation, he entered the Navy. After his discharge, he attended Ball State Teachers College and Oklahoma A & M University, playing basketball at both schools.

After his schooling he took up residence in Anderson and played with the Packers professional team in their last season here. Until recently he was employed at the Welker Ford Agency. A short time ago, he became zone sales manager for the newly formed Edsel Division of Ford Motor Company.

The deceased was a member of Masonic Lodge No. 681, and the Grandview Golf Club and attended Baptist churches in Anderson and Muncie.

Surviving are the mother and step-father, his father, Earl E. Allen; a sister, Mrs. Maurice Hannaford, Anderson; the paternal grandfather, C. C. Allen, Oblong, Ill.; the paternal grandmother, Mrs. Roy Argo, Phoenix, Ariz., and four nephews.

The body was taken to the Harold E. Rozelle Funeral Home, where services are being arranged.





Remember when?

Fred Welker Ford, an Anderson auto dealer in the 1950s and 1960s, had a strong basketball team in the YMCA's Commercial League. It is believed this picture was taken in 1954. Team members are, standing, left to right: Duke Manghelli, Harold "Whitey" Snow, Tiny Allen (manager), Roland "Mousey" Schepper and Monte McCune. Kneeling, left to right: Jack Tilley, Albert Harris and Jim Vanderbur. Snow, McCune, Tilley and Vanderbur all played varsity basketball at Anderson High School. Manghelli played at St. Mary's High School. Snow later played at North Carolina State University for the famous Everett Case, who was from Anderson. Tilley was a member of the 1951 Indiana All-Star team that plays Kentucky and played college ball at Montana State. Harris also played at Montana State. Vanderbur was a starting guard on the 1946 Indians' state championship team. This photo was loaned to the Herald Bulletin by Ada Owens. If you have any photos of Anderson or Madison County people, places or events, bring them to the HB newsroom. They may be suitable for "Remember when?"

After medical drama, it's

Chesterfield couple welcomes 3 girls

BY JANICE CHAVERS

Lifestyles Editor

It's quiet in Richard and Michelle Bitner's tidy house in Chesterfield. You can hear cars going up and down the street and neighborhood dogs barking.

Seven-year-old Maggie's at school, and Mom and Dad are getting a much needed rest.

In the next few weeks, this tranquil scene will only be a memory, because the family will be joined by Elizabeth, Sarah Michelle and Kendra Nicole Bitner, who will want their meals on demand and lots of love and attention from Mom, Dad and big sister.

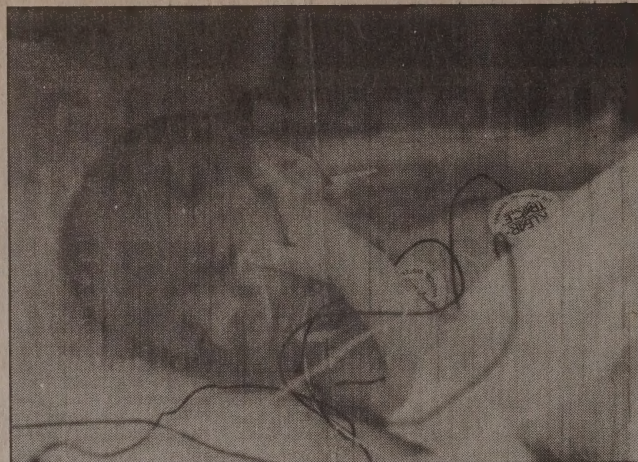
The triplets all are doing well at University Hospital in Indianapolis after a drama unfolded at Community Hospital that required a lot of teamwork from doctors and staff members. It's one of those stories in which everyone was in the right place at the right time to save three babies who were due in early December and a critically ill mother.

It was a struggle all the way for the Bitners: first to conceive and then to carry the child to term. Michelle was in and out of the hospital throughout the pregnancy and had to spend a lot of time in bed.

Michelle became pregnant using the GIFT procedure and learned triplets were on the way three weeks into the pregnancy. They were told multiple births are common with the procedure, said Richard, who is a twin.

"He wanted triplets. I was a tad hysterical," said Michelle, who soon adjusted to the idea and started discussing names.

Michelle's obstetrician, Dr. Kathleen Beck-Coon, told the Bitners she hoped the babies would not arrive until at least Oct. 26. A



▲ Sarah Bitner, like her sisters, weighs a little over 2 pounds.

The family visits the babies as often as possible. They've been moved to University Hospital because they are no longer critical enough to be at Riley.

"There never was a time that we thought one wouldn't make it," Michelle said.

The Bitners are ecstatic that they got to stay in Anderson for the birth of their children. Some people tell them they should have gone to Indianapolis.

"There's not anything they could have done better in Indianapolis. There's not anything else they could have done," Richard said.

Beth Allen, R.N., director of maternal and child nursing at Community, was pleased with how everything went. "The OB staff was

this all paid off ... The effort of everyone was amazing — medical records, X-ray, laboratory, the orderly, cardiopulmonary ..."

The parents hope the babies can be transferred to Community as soon as possible so they can be cared for by all their new friends at

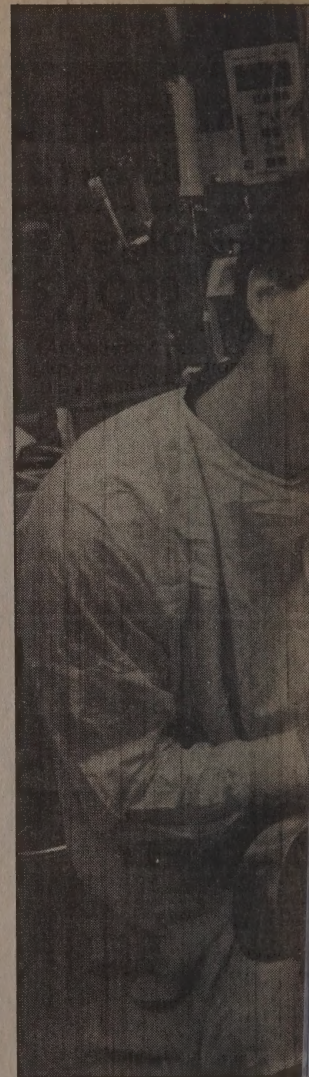
the hospital. By Thanksgiving, they're hopeful that they all will be released.

They will be ready for the babies on the home front. Sister Maggie and other relatives plan to lend a helping hand. They have talked to other parents of

triplets, who stress organization is the key.

And they'll need to do just that with three babies to feed, clothe and keep in clean diapers.

Their Chesterfield home only



▲ The Bitners with, left to right, Kendra, Sarah, and Elizabeth.



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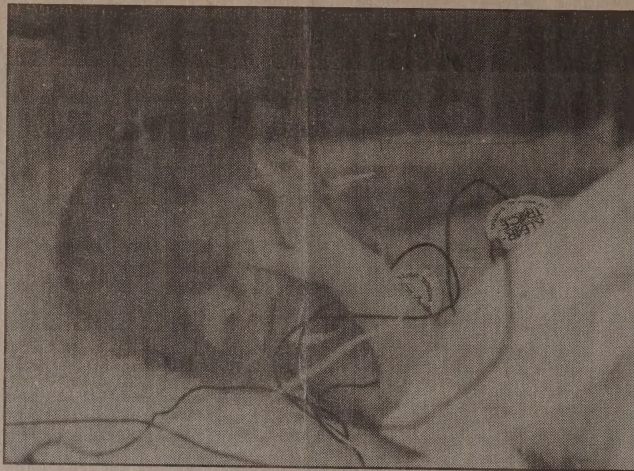
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"There's not anything they could have done better in Indianapolis. There's not anything else they could have done," Richard said.

Beth Allen, R.N., director of maternal and child nursing at Community, was pleased with how everything went.

"The OB staff prac-

tion. This all paid off ... The effort of everyone was amazing — medical records, X-ray, laboratory, the orderly, cardiopulmonary ..."

The parents hope the babies can be transferred to Community as soon as possible so they can be cared for by all their new friends at

the hospital. By Thanksgiving, they're hopeful that they all will be released.

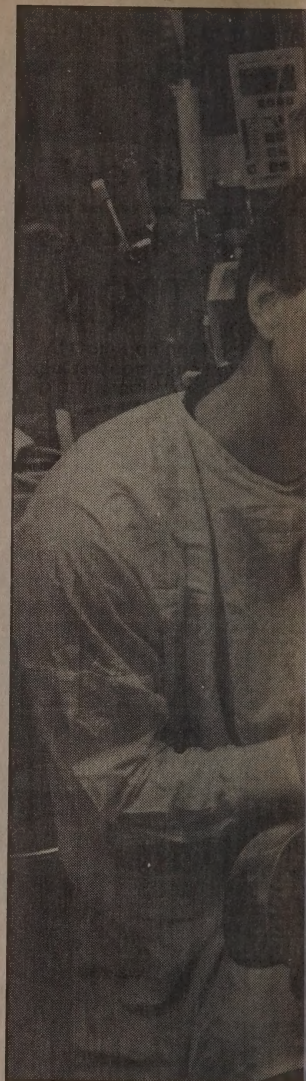
They will be ready for the babies on the home front. Sister Maggie and other relatives plan to lend a helping hand. They have talked to other parents of

triplets, who stress organization is the key.

And they'll need to do just that with three babies to feed, clothe and keep in clean diapers.

with three babies to feed, clothe and keep in clean diapers.

Their Chesterfield home looks



▲ The Bitners with, left to right, Kendra

The OB staff practices this all the time. They are all certified in neo-natal resuscitation. This all paid off. The effort of everyone was amazing

Beth Allen,
child nursing director



Remember when?

Fred Welker Ford, an Anderson auto dealer in the 1950s and 1960s, had a strong basketball team in the YMCA's Commercial League. It is believed this picture was taken in 1954. Team members are, standing, left to right: Duke Manghelli, Harold "Whitey" Snow, Tiny Allen (manager), Roland "Mousey" Schepper and Monte McCune. Kneeling, left to right: Jack Tilley, Albert Harris and Jim Vanderbur. Snow, McCune, Tilley and Vanderbur all played varsity basketball at Anderson High School. Manghelli played at St. Mary's High School. Snow later played at North Carolina State University for the famous Everett Case, who was from Anderson. Tilley was a member of the 1951 Indiana All-Star team that plays Kentucky and played college ball at Montana State. Harris also played at Montana State. Vanderbur was a starting guard on the 1946 Indians' state championship team. This photo was loaned to the Herald Bulletin by Ada Owens. If you have any photos of Anderson or Madison County people, places or events, bring them to the HB newsroom. They may be suitable for "Remember when?"

After medical drama, it's

Chesterfield couple welcomes 3 girls

BY JANICE CHAVERS
Lifestyles Editor

It's quiet in Richard and Michelle Bitner's tidy house in Chesterfield. You can hear cars going up and down the street and neighborhood dogs barking.

Seven-year-old Maggie's at school, and Mom and Dad are getting a much needed rest.

In the next few weeks, this tranquil scene will only be a memory, because the family will be joined by Elizabeth, Sarah Michelle and Kendra Nicole Bitner, who will want their meals on demand and lots of love and attention from Mom, Dad and big sister.

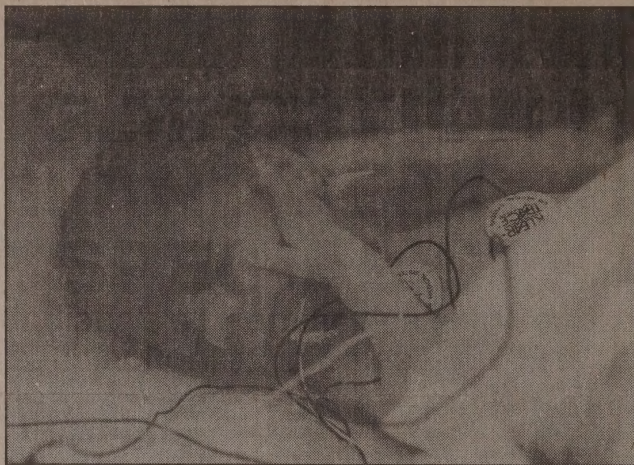
The triplets all are doing well at University Hospital in Indianapolis after a drama unfolded at Community Hospital that required a lot of teamwork from doctors and staff members. It's one of those stories in which everyone was in the right place at the right time to save three babies who were due in early December and a critically ill mother.

It was a struggle all the way for the Bitners: first to conceive and then to carry the child to term. Michelle was in and out of the hospital throughout the pregnancy and had to spend a lot of time in bed.

Michelle became pregnant using the GIFT procedure and learned triplets were on the way three weeks into the pregnancy. They were told multiple births are common with the procedure, said Richard, who is a twin.

"He wanted triplets. I was a tad hysterical," said Michelle, who soon adjusted to the idea and started discussing names.

Michelle's obstetrician, Dr. Kathleen Beck-Coon, told the Bitners she hoped the babies would



▲ Sarah Bitner, like her sisters, weighs a little over 2 pounds.

The family visits the babies as often as possible. They've been moved to University Hospital because they are no longer critical enough to be at Riley.

"There never was a time that we thought one wouldn't make it," Michelle said.

The Bitners are ecstatic that they got to stay in Anderson for the birth of their children. Some people tell them they should have gone to Indianapolis.

"There's not anything they could have done better in Indianapolis. There's not anything else they could have done," Richard said.

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Beth Allen,
child nursing director

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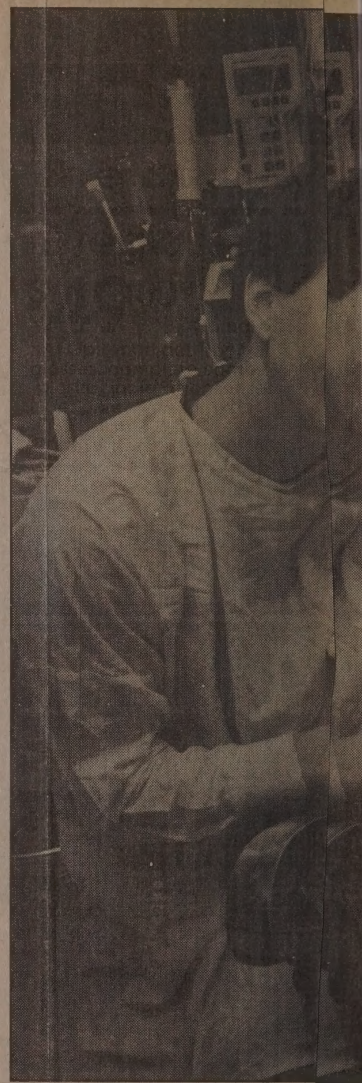
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triplets, who stress organization is the key.

And they'll need to do just that with three babies to feed, clothe and keep in clean diapers.

With three babies to feed, clothe and keep in clean diapers.



▲ The Bitners with, left to right, Kendra, Michelle, and Richard.

Plan to marry & board
at one all right. as is
modern & clean. I
think all my things
now. I am a long
about now. We were
to purchase and
brooming on foot-
ball games. I am
coming along fine in
school. Mom has to
work late. Mary has to
work late. Saturday
is Sunday. Monday
was Sunday. Friday
the was 10. I am
going over & see Daddy
Saturday morning. I
have got in 2 flights
in the last few days.
I like walking here.
I just told Mom I
will go out. I
like with you in
the morning to the
main part on the way
to the main part on the way



Joan Allen

THIS IS A
Kodacolor Print
MADE ONLY BY KODAK.

WEEK OF JUNE 8 - 17
RL

Francis Coen Allen
4
1928 - 1957

Two Cents

THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS



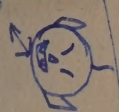
Mr. C.C. Allen
Alexandria Ind.
RR # 3

though must. Tell Daddy
to be sure and the
there at your house
Thanksgiving. Tell Daddy
to write me and tell
me ~~my~~ address

Well I must
close

Love

Miss
Higgs



P.S. Tell Joe &
Cyril to
wait.

section 2.

103 miles

Concordia

College



I am so sorry
I didn't come out to
your house when I
was there. I'm a Mom
and couldn't come out.
There is working
days now. Miss Miller
and I went to

Europe here while back and she sent
me a scarf from Rome, Italy, and a
pencil from England. Mom-Sweet sent me
a popcorn cake for Halloween. Boy did
the boys go crazy for it. On Halloween
these guys sure did raise heck around
here. They went uptown and raised
cane. I brought a radio back with
me when I came back. Of mornings
at 7:45 to 8:00 o'clock, I forget which,
but anyhow we broadcast our morning
devotion. It comes over W'O W'O. Jt. Wayne
and I thought Marie might have
a radio. You could listen to it. Ted
Grandad will bring him out some



15x9208
AN American Greeting CARD
CLEVELAND © U.S.A.

To
Mother
and
Dad





To Mother and Dad
Here's a wish most sincere
For a real Merry Christmas
And a Happy New Year
A wish for the joys
That are surely your due
And all the good things
Life can bring both of you.

Love,

Wiggs





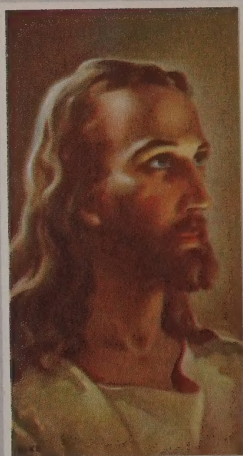
Helen
Fancil



Marie
Snyder



Ann
Neiding-
er Page



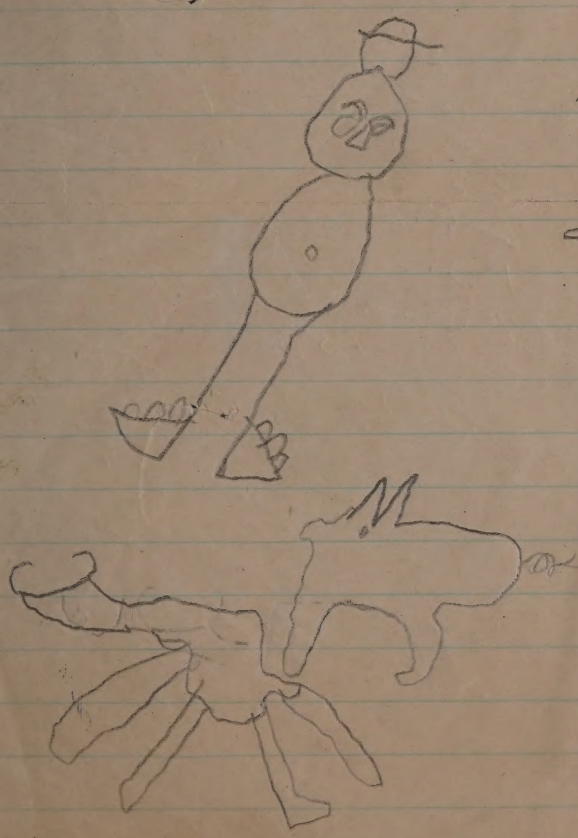
In Memoriam

at
right
dog rat

big
dark

Coen allen

this is little Coen drawing & writing at 6 yr
old - on my 21. 1998
Denny



$$\begin{array}{r}
 25- \\
 45- \\
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$$1100$$

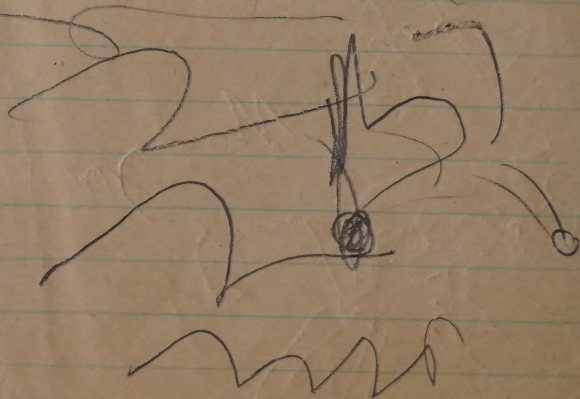
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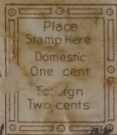




This Space For Writing Messages

I made a penny
sun, every time the
cat sees me it
runs. I have
fun with Charlie.
I get pay down
in the grass
like to beat him
to death I am
red as a beet.
I went to Bussey
today.

LANDSCAPE FLORAL SERIES NO. 7.

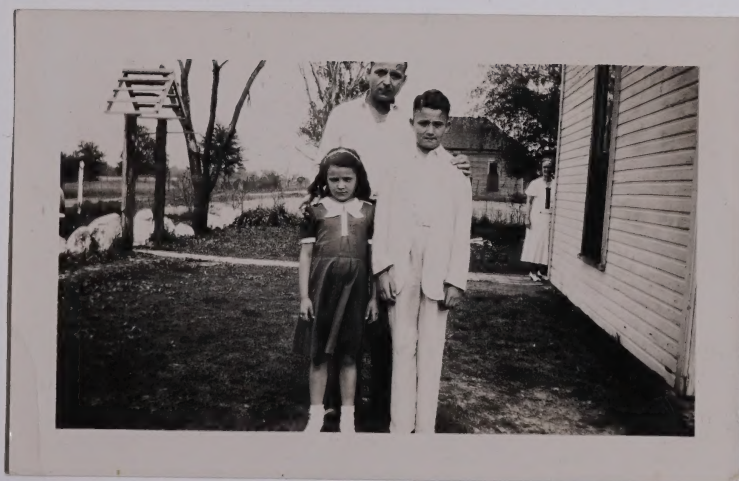


Mr. Carl Allen
Mt. Liberty
Ind.
Brown Co.
This side for the Address only.



Shirley - Grammie

Stella Prutz (Evelyn's mother)
+ Donna Lee



Earl -
Shirley - Grammie

Stella Prutz



Francis - Shirley - Carl

H. Allen Jiny



Blanco M. Garvey
Lew (Andy) Anderson
Marvin (Kentuck) Sturgeon



Francis



William & Nancy Crouch
(CHESTNUT)



BACK - WILLIAM HENRY - EARL - LOUIE - BESSE
MID - MINNIE - CLARA - MARIE - EVELYN
FR - DWIGHT - WALN - SHIRLEY - VERNON - FRANCIS



HESSIE ALLEN - GEORGE CROUCH

CLARA + EUGENIE



SHIRLEY + FRANCIS



TAKEN AT 32 CHALMERS, CHAMPAIGN, IL MAMA SWEETS HOUSE



OLIVE-ALBERT
MAOPINA



CLARA-MARTHA FANCHER-BERNIECE



SHIRLEY & RED



RED & GARNET BARRON



2

You Shoot 'Em
We Finish 'Em
FORKNER'S STUDIO
ANDERSON, IND.

ANDERSON COURT HOUSE



A & P GROCERY
SACKSON ST



DIETZEN'S
BAKERY

23rd & MERIDIAN



RUTH SEFFERS - MARY WILEY -
CLARA



MAINVIEW APTS



SHIRLEY + BEVERLY BECK
AT RILEY SCHOOL



BEVERLY - SHIRLEY - CLARA



SHIRLEY - BEVERLY
MOUNDS PARK



BEVERLY BECK



MOUNDS PARK



FRANCIS - SHIRLEY



SHADYSIDE PARK



SHADY SIDE
PARK

ANDERSON, IN





SHADYSIDE
PARK
ANDERSON, IN



LIAR'S BENCH
NASHVILLE, IN



MEAMORA



Clara & Earl
Allen 1923



Clara Allen 1923



Francis Coen Allen
1924



Blossie Lorraine Cole
Shirley Jean Allen
Francis Coen Allen
c1930



Shirley Jean Allen
age 17 months



Shirley Jean
Allen
c1934



Francis Shirley
c1929



Shirley Francis Clara
1941





EUGENE
&
CLARA

Metamora

In the Whitewater Valley, a grove
in the land
A village called Metamora does
stand.

The canal ambles down twixt the
streets of the town
Which enhances this village and
makes it renown.

There's an old Roller Mill, and old
Town Hotel,
And a canal boat christened the
Valley Belle.

The Gingerbread House quietly
rests by the falls
With antiques and paintings bulging
its walls.

Along the canal amidst golden
leaves
Stands a wooden church with box
gutter eaves.

The blacksmith shop is still
around,
On its rock walk wild ferns abound.

The aqueduct carries canal over a
stream,
The pride and joy of an architects
dream.

This valley has many beauties,
these are a few,
And the village is waiting for peo-
ple like you.

—James Wendel

Anderson, IN Daily
Bulletin
Friday, March 21, 1980

March 19, 1980

Tampa, FL

Clara Shockney

Clara O. Shockney, 74, died recently in a Florida hospital following an extended illness.

A native of Champaign County, Illinois, she had been employed by Anderson Newspapers Inc. and was a member of the Antique Study Group and First United Methodist Church.

She is survived by her husband, Eugene C., of Anderson; a daughter, Shirley Hannaford of Anderson; four sisters, Bernice Irl of Anderson, Olive Martin of Rantoul, Ill., Francis Pennington of Auburn, Ill., and Minnie Willey of Phoenix, Ariz.; four grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren.

Services will be at 10 a.m. Monday at Sells, Rowe and Guilkey Funeral Home with the Rev. James Dickey officiating. Burial will follow in Anderson Memorial Park Cemetery.

Friends may call at the funeral home from 2 to 4 and 6 to 9 p.m. Sunday.

The family requests memorial contributions be made to the renal unit of the Lutheran Hospital in Fort Wayne.

ANDERSON HERALD
APRIL 23, 1982

Eugene Shockney

Eugene Chester Shockney, 72, Rainree Estates, Daleville, died early Thursday morning at St. John's Medical Center after a brief illness.

A native of Windfall, he had resided most of his life in Anderson. He was retired as a captain with the Anderson Fire Department and was a member of the Fraternal Order of Firefighters.

He is survived by a daughter, Shirley Hannaford of Anderson, four grandsons, and nine great-grandchildren.

Services will be conducted at 10 a.m. Saturday at the Sells, Rowe and Guilkey Funeral Home with the Rev. James Dickey officiating. Burial will be at Anderson Memorial Park.

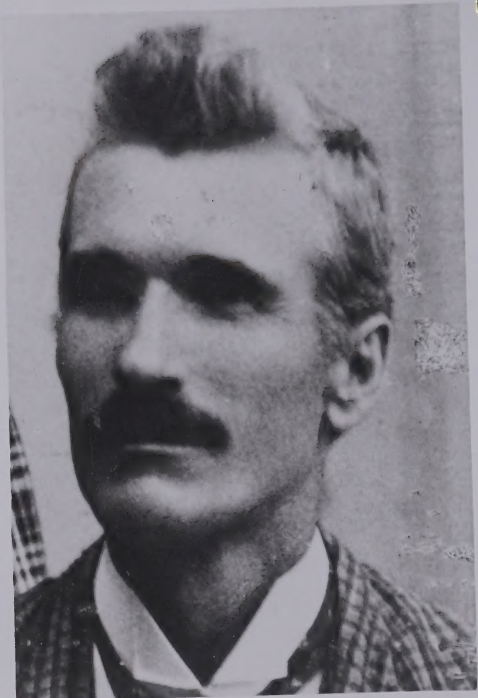
Friends may call at the funeral home from 2 to 9 p.m. today.



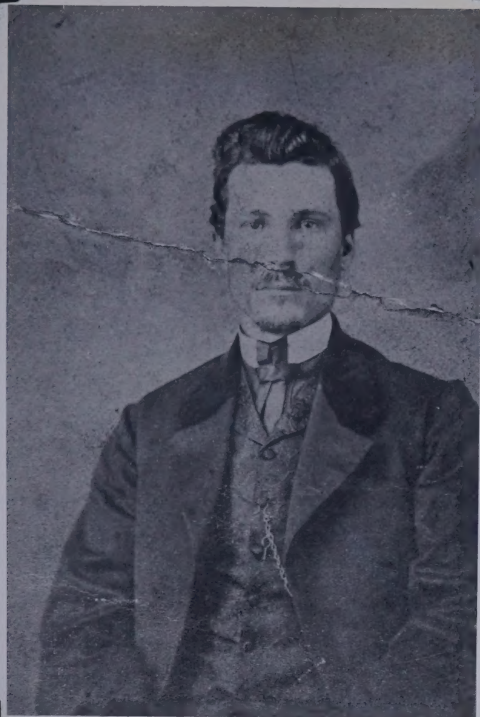
SEP 75



JOSEPH BENNETT
- ELIZA WILSONⁿ



JOSEPH BENNETT



Joseph Bennett



Eliza Wilson Bennett
Laura Bennett



Eliza Ann
Joseph with
Carl & Ozley



Bert & Isa Coffin



Mansfield Illinois Cemetery
Mary Charlotte Bennett Parr
Reuben Parr

Mansfield Illinois Cemetery
Oza Bennett
Knights of Pythias Marker





Brady & Medaris,

MONTICELLO,
ILLINOIS

MINNIE & COYNER
BENNETT



Frank
Minnie
Sweet

Masters & Reese, Comp't's Solicitors.

Publication Notice.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, ss. County Court of Fulton
FULTON COUNTY, ss. County.

To the September Term, A. D. 1882.

Jonathan Harn, Administrator of the Estate of
Abraham Bennett, deceased,

vs.

Lucy Ann Bennett, et. al.

Petition to sell real estate to pay debts.

AFFIDAVIT of the non-residence of Mary Bennett, Joseph Bennett, Nancy J. Bennett and unknown heirs of Angelina Bennett, deceased, defendants above, having been filed in the office of the clerk of the county court of Fulton county, notice is hereby given to the said Mary Bennett, Joseph Bennett, Nancy J. Bennett, and the unknown heirs of Angelina Bennett, deceased, that the said plaintiff, Jonathan Harn, administrator of the estate of Abraham Bennett, deceased, has filed his petition in the said county court of Fulton county, for an order to sell the premises belonging to the estate of said deceased, or so much of it as may be needed to pay the debts of said deceased, and described as follows, to-wit:

Fourteen and three fourths acres off the north end of the west half of the north west quarter of the north west quarter of section (16) ten, in township (4) four, north of range (3) three east of the fourth principal meridian, in Fulton county, Illinois, and that a summons has been issued out of this court against you, and returned at the July term, A. D. 1882, of said court, holden on the third Monday of July A. D. 1882, at the courthouse in Lewistown, in Fulton county, Illinois.

Now, unless you, the said Mary Bennett, Joseph Bennett, Nancy J. Bennett, and the unknown heirs of Angelina Bennett, shall personally be and appear before said county court of Fulton county, on the first day of the September term thereof, to be holden at Lewistown, in said county, on the third Monday of September, 1882, and plead, answer or demur to the said complainant's petition filed therein, the same and the matters and things therein charged and stated will be taken as confessed, and a decree entered against you according to the prayer of said bill.

Lewistown, Illinois, July 24th, 1882.

Vta-39-4w

J. C. WORLEY, Clerk.



Abraham Bennett's Original Land
Grant in Vermillion Co., IN



Warren Co. OH Courthouse



Golden Lamb Inn, Lebanon OH



An old home, Lebanon, OH



Warren Co. Hist. Museum
Built by Amos Bennett



Willie and gadie
Bennett
Died in childhood



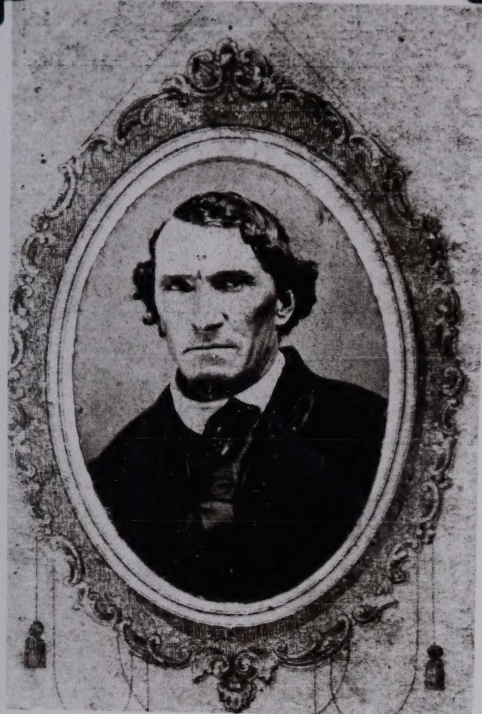
Mackey Cemetery
Mansfield, Illinois
Area where Joseph and
children are probably
buried



Mackey Cemetery
Mansfield, Illinois
Joseph & children buried
near Bert Coffin grave



Mansfield Illinois Cemetery



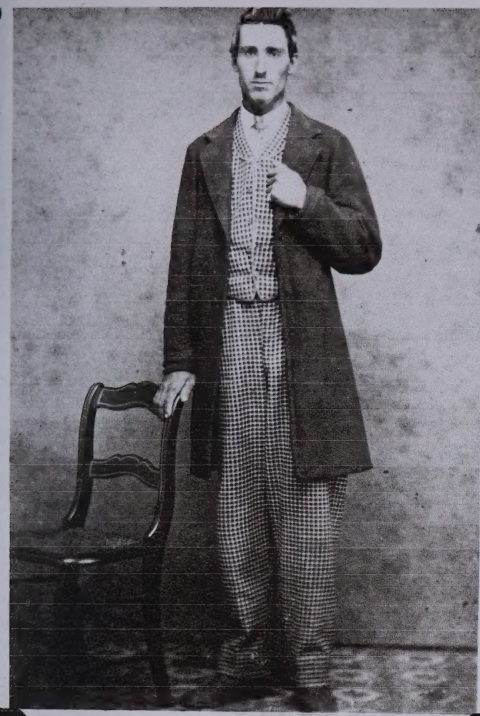
ABRAHAM OR ABRAM BENNETT
Father of Joseph Bennett



Lucy Sprouse 2nd wife
Bennett OF ABRAM



Catherine
Bennett
(RUMYAN)



Abe Bennett
Brother of Joseph

Death at Waterford.

Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Elizabeth Jackson died at the home of her half brother, Henry Bennett, after a long illness. She was past 73 years of age. Death resulted from paralysis.

The funeral was held Thursday morning from the Bennett home in Waterford township at 11 o'clock. The burial was in the Waterford cemetery. Rev. Robison Ashby of this city conducted the funeral services.

Elizabeth Bennett
Jackson's Obit

Lewistown Republican
Record
September 1907

Friday morning at the home of Henry Bennett in Waterford township occurred the death of Simeon Bennett. The deceased was about 31 years and death was the result of blood poisoning. When about 10 years of age the deceased was taken sick with spinal fever and since then he had been a cripple. About two years ago while riding & cultivating he hurt his hip and from the injury blood poisoning set in. A week ago he was able to attend the Fourth of July celebration at Canton. The first of the week he was taken to his bed and death resulted at one o'clock Friday morning.

The burial was at Waterford Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Rev. Robison Ashby officiating.

Lewistown Republican Record

Simeon Bennett Obituary
July 10, 1907

**HENRY BENNETT
FUNERAL SATURDAY**

Henry Bennett, residing in Waterford township about four miles south east of Lewistown, died Thursday morning at 5 o'clock at his home following an illness covering over a period of four months. He was past 74 years of age.

Funeral services will be held on Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the Waterford Union church in Waterford township and burial will be in the Waterford cemetery.

Mr. Bennett was born December 6, 1856 at Woodhull, Illinois, a son of Abraham and Lucy (Sproule) Bennett. He was united in marriage with Delphia Harr, now deceased. Children by this marriage are Curtis of Peoria, William of Canton and George Bennett of Lexington.

His second marriage was with Edith Eyman, who with the following children survive: Mrs. Florence Mann, Henry Bennett and Miss Jessie Hadsell of Waterford township.

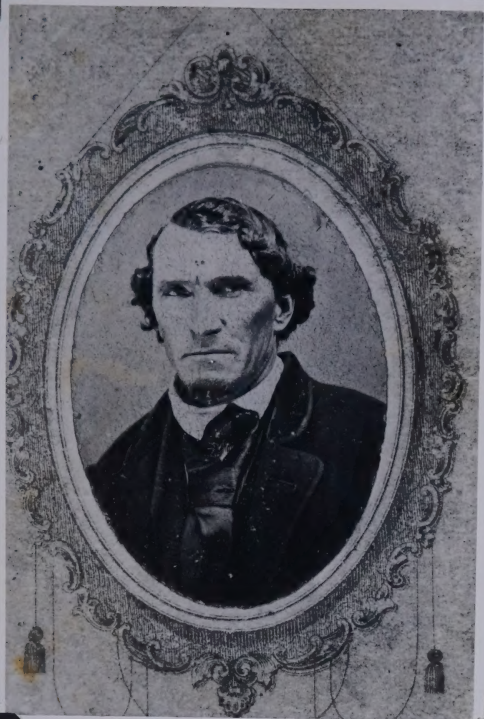
There are nine deceased children.

Mrs. Henry Norman of Pekin is a sister and Mrs. L. L. Fell of Peoria is a half sister.

Mr. Bennett had lived in Waterford township for 71 years.

Lewistown Republican Record
May 1, 1941

Henry Bennett Obituary



ABRAHAM or ABRAM BENNETT
Father of Joseph Bennett



Lucy Sprouse 2nd wife
Bennett OF ABRAM



Catherine
Bennett
(RUNYAN)



Abe Bennett
Brother of Joseph

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Mr. Bennett was born December 6, 1866, at Woodhull, Illinois, a son of Abraham and Lucy (Sprouse) Bennett. He was united in marriage with Delphia Harn, now deceased. Children by this marriage are Curtis of Ipaui, William of Canton and George Bennett of Lewistown.

His second marriage was with Edith Eyman, who with the following children survive: Mrs. Florence Mann, Henry Bennett and Mrs. Jessie Hadsell of Waterford township.

There are nine deceased children. Mrs. Henry Norman of Pekin is a sister and Mrs. L. L. Fell of Peoria is a half sister.

Mr. Bennett had lived in Waterford township for 71 years.

Lewistown Republican Record
May 1, 1941

Henry Bennett Obituary



Coyner A. Bennett age 7
Minnie Bennett age 5



Coyner A. Bennett
Minnie Bennett



Wedding Picture
Francis Marion Sweet
Minnie Alice Bennett
December 27, 1896



Sweet Family
Minnie - Francis
Berniece, Eldon, Clara, Olive



Berniece Irle - Clara Shockney
Frances Pennington - Minnie Willey
Olive Martin

MRS. COFFIN DIES ON TUESDAY

Mrs. Isalina Coffin of Urbana died Tuesday morning in the Merry hospital. She recently submitted to an operation and cancers were found. She was born in Fulton county, Ill., Apr. 22, 1863. She was married June 10, 1880 to James Coffin who died March 27, 1912.

She leaves eight children, Mrs. J. W. Casor, Mahomet; Earl B. Coffin, Lehigh; Walter Coffin, Georgia, Ill.; Mrs. Maude Johnston, North Platte, Neb.; Mrs. Mamie Wright, Cleaves, Ohio; Mrs. Minnie Hessler, Elkworth; Bennett Coffin, Savoy; George Coffin, Urbana. There are also two stepsons, D. S. Coffin, Mahomet; John Coffin, Butterfield, Minn.

The funeral will be held Thursday at two o'clock at Stewart's funeral home, with Rev. Bromley officiating. Burial will be made in Mansfield cemetery.



Mahomet Sucker State
July 9, 1936

Isalina Coffin Obit

Picture of the home where Eliza Bennett & John Clark raised their 16 children. Picture was painted by Dick Collins. Olive Martin has the original.

GRACIA KNEZ



Clark - Bennett Family 1935

Zelda Collins, Carrie Koehn, Essie Curtis, Elmer Bennett, Mary Parr, Henry Bennett, Harvey Bennett, Minnie Argo, Carl Bennett, Laura Clouser

**In Memory of
ESSIE BELLE CURTIS**

Born

October 1, 1892, Fulton County, Ill.

Passed Away

November 2, 1973, Farmer City, Ill.

Services

Monday, November 5, 1973, 11:00 a.m.

Stensels' Funeral Home

Farmer City, Illinois

Minister

Rev. Lyle Leverton

Organist

Mrs. Donna Howe

Final Resting Place

Maple Grove Cemetery, Farmer City, Ill.

Casket Bearers

Robert Howe

Robert Okerlund

Donald Forrest

Harold Koehn

Charles Grimes

Harold Kurzweg

Services by

STENSELS' FUNERAL HOME

In Memory of

WILLIAM T. CURTIS

Born

July 13, 1893, Farmer City, Illinois

At Rest

October 19, 1979,

Borgess Medical Center, Kalamazoo

Services

Monday, October 22, 1979, 10:30 a.m.

Stensels' Funeral Home

Farmer City, Illinois

Clergy

Rev. Lyle Leverton

Organist

Donna Howe

Final Resting Place

Maple Grove Cemetery, Farmer City

Casket Bearers

Glenn Curtis

Don Forrest

Gerald Weidner

Bob Howe

James Bolembiewski

Gene Miller

Services by

STENSELS' FUNERAL HOME



Isalina
Bennett



Benjamin & Charlotte E.
Grigsby Wilson



Benjamin ~~Grigsby~~ & Charlotte E.
Grigsby Wilson
She - 55 years He - 50 years

Children of Benjamin & Charlotte Wilson



Nancy White Margaret Coffman
Eliza Clark Sarah Fitzgerald (?)



James & John Wilson
Taken in 1911



Eliza Jim? Nancy Margaret
John H?



Eliza Ann Wilson Bennett Clark
John William Clark



Mansfield Illinois Cemetery



Mansfield Illinois Cemetery
 Carrie Clark Koehn 1887-1963
 William Koehn 1885-1962

In Memory of
 CARRIE KOEHN

Born
 May 20, 1887
 Fulton County, Illinois

Passed Away
 November 9, 1963
 Danville, Illinois

Services

Monday, November 11, 1963
 2:00 P.M.

Mansfield Methodist Church

Clergyman

Rev. Virgil Leonard

Organist

Mrs. Richard House

Final Resting Place

Mansfield Cemetery
 Mansfield, Illinois

Casket Bearers

Clair Campbell	Roy Heimburger
Glenn Koehn	Werner Nimmer
J. W. Curtis	Timothy Curry

Services by Stensels' Funeral Home



Back row - Carl Bennett - Carrie &
 Zelda Clark

Front row - Eliza Ann Bennett Clark
 Oza Bennett - Leonard Clark



William Koehn
Carrie (Clark) Koehn



ELIZA CLARK
2. ELIZA COLLINS + ?



1939 BENNET
REUNION

HENRY-ELMER-MARY-HARVEY-
LAURA-MINNIE-CARL

BENNETT-CLARK Home



ELIZA BENNETT CLARK

1877
George Clouser Born - 7th 18-1867

May C. Bennett Born Nov 5th. 1866
Laura M. Bennett Born Dec 31. 1866
James H. Bennett Born Dec 24. 1867
William H. Bennett Born March 14. 1869
Sarah J. Bennett Born May 7. 1872
Coryner B. Bennett Born Dec 1st. 1872
Minnie B. Bennett Born Dec 28. 1879
Elmer A. Bennett Born Oct 31. 1881
Merrion B. Bennett Born Aug 30. 1881
Emma J. Bennett Born Apr 14. 1886
Carl E. Bennett Born Nov 9th. 1887
Joshua Ogley Bennett Born Nov 27. 1890

Sarah J. Bennett Died Oct 10. 1880
William H. Bennett Died 30 1881
Emma J. Bennett Died Dec 15. 1886
Joseph Bennett d. Apr 9. 1895

Joshua Ogley Bennett Died Nov. 18. 1923
Eliza Ann Clark died Aug 30

OK.

TO
Patrick Neal
Kathleen Neal
Douglas Bishop
Alexander Bishop
Grandchildren and Great Grandson

by
Doris Lucille Bennett Brewer

July 1986

I was born September 28, 1905 at the home of mothers grandparents, the John Harns, near Wenatchee, Washington. Babies were born at home then and until the 1920's, especially in the country areas. I am 5'4", weigh 120. I had dark ash blonde hair and medium skin.

My father was Coyner A. Bennett, called "Kiner", by his family. Born Dec. 1, 1877, in Piatt County, Illinois. One of 14 children of Joseph Bennett and Elizabeth - Liza - Wilson Bennett. His father died, when Daddy was a teenager, probably of T.B. His mother soon married John Clark, whose three children were added to the family. People re-married quickly then, mothers for their children and for support, there being no social security or public support, nor jobs for women. Only sewing or taking in washing for others. Daddy soon left for Oregon, riding on freight trains, in box cars or under the train cars on the rods. A dangerous means of travel. Railroad cops (Bulls), put them off trains, using clubs at times. He made the trip back and forth several times. His grandmother, Charlotte Grigsby Wilson, lived in Portland, in the Sellwood district. He drove a milk wagon for a dairy, leaving milk, eggs, cream and butter at the homes of customers. Later he went to Wenatchee, WA. where his uncle Jim Wilson had settled. He was a son of Charlotte Grigsby Wilson. Daddy was 5'7", weighed 140 at most, had very dark wavy hair, blue eyes and very fair skin. He had great energy and endurance, a quick, hot temper, which he learned to control. He knew about one hundred songs and sang or whistled a lot and also played a Jews Harp. He used Irish words and phrases and did the Irish Jig and the Clog. He was never sick and had strong bones and teeth, still having all but one tooth when he died, just short of his 90th birthday, on Sept. 17, 1967.

Mother, Maude Belle Walters, was born August 22, 1884, in Merrill, Michigan, the eldest child of George W. Walters and Jeanette Harn Walters. There were 9 younger siblings, the last being 28 years younger. Mother was 5'2" and plumpish, with a cute figure. Blue eyes, brown hair, medium skin, probably from a ~~European~~ Indian grandmother on her fathers side. He was born in Wisconsin. She had a good sense of humor, but hated to be teased. She loved to dance, play cards and read, especially novels and would check the endings to be sure they were happy ones. She was a neat housekeeper, didn't like sewing or handwork. She came to Wenatchee about 1902 with her grandparents. She had made the mistake of going to a dance, from there, there are conflicting stories - anyway she got pregnant and her father sent her west with her grandparents. Banished forever from her home, her mother and siblings. She was very lonely and missed her mother as long as she lived. She and her mother wrote often and she did talk to her via phone in the '40's. Phones were not used then as now.

Leah was born July 25, 1903 at Grandma Harns. She died in April of 1920, as a result of a heart ailment ^{made} worse by having "Spanish Influenza" in 1918. Mother died April 10, 1967. Two brothers and two sisters came to visit her in the 1950's & 1960's. She was especially happy to see Ed, the brother just younger than herself. She often told of riding in a sleigh over the snow, the harness bells jingling, on clear cold moonlit nights, of hot summer nights, with sheet lightning flashing to light up the sky and of thunder storms that were much worse than in the west, of rain storms when frogs were everywhere, rained frogs she said. Of eating frog legs which were like chicken. Mothers family kept geese, which were plucked for down for pillows and feather beds. They had to be plumped up each day and one sank out of sight in them. They were warm in winter. If they were very deep, a stool was used to climb into bed. The geese chased the kids and beat them with their wings or tweaked their legs with their beaks. They ran at one hissing and you'd better be fleet footed to escape them. A stocking was put over their heads when they were plucked. The nights did not cool as in the west. Daddy told of lightning storms with wind and rain and how animals huddled together in fence corners and were killed if lightning struck the wire fence. He grew up among his brothers and sisters and many cousins. They wrestled, played pranks and jokes on each other and were terrors to the neighbors on Halloween. They had a talking crow which would call out "sikem", and get the dogs to fighting among themselves. One day a tramp -hobo- came by and asked for food. The older girls had baked pies. They gave him a slice and he folded it and put it in his pocket. They all thought it very funny. He and mother were married in Wenatchee, December 1, 1904. They lived on a wheat ranch at Entiat. There were many rattlesnakes there, so pigs were brought in to clean them out. The pigs were immune to the poison due to the layer of fat under the skin. One evening when the folks were resting on the porch, they heard me chattering down by the spring. Daddy came to check and found me squatted down across from a rattler. He was not striking, just staring at me. I think I can remember that, tho I'm not sure. I was led away and don't know what happened to the snake. Mother cooked for threshers. There was a long table with chairs around it. I climbed up and was walking around, a little mess fell out of my diaper onto the chair, it was not discovered until the men began to sit down. Poor mother was still embarrassed when she talked about it years later. She was a very proud lady and cared a great deal about what people and the neighbors thought. She compared me to a goat, always climbing on top of everything. She found me standing on top of the sewing machine. They did not fold down as now but had a box like cover over the head. I fell off something headfirst into the wood box. I was a trial to her. I used to say, "I think I was adopted" she finally said, "I think you

were too," so that was the end of that.

We moved to Wenatchee into a big square house on a side hill. There was a peach tree which had sweet juicy fruit. We cracked some pits and tried to eat the seeds, they were bitter! Aunt Laura Bennett Clouser, daddy's sister, lived in Wenatchee, as did his brother Marion, a red head. We were at Aunt Laura's for Sunday dinner and all the men were seated at the table first - I protested and was told there wasn't room for everyone - so we waited for them to finish before we could eat. Aunt Laura had an opal ring which hung above a table. I loved the beautiful colors and never forgot it. George bought one like it in Eugene in 1948 or 1949. I still wear it - a wish come true.

One morning we were at someone's house, Uncle Jim's maybe. Mother, Leah and I were with Uncle Jim's pretty daughter, Elsie, with the Wilson red hair, *out* in the yard. Several huge animals came into the river - they were spraying themselves and each other with water - they seemed to have two tails. Mother explained that they were elephants and had a tail and a trunk, which they used like a hand. The circus had come to town and we went to a performance. Little Tom Thumb and his little lady were there, dressed in formal wear. Buffalo Bill Cody and his wild west show were there. He rode a white horse. With him were real cowboys and real plains indians. They did trick riding and had a mock cowboy and indian war, shooting with blank bullets. The noise and violence made me ill and I had to be taken out.

Elsie, our cousin, had a pretty white rabbit skin shoulder cape with blue satin lining. I remember her funeral - of men in dark suits, standing in a group - of sitting on Mother's lap, on the buggy seat, with my face against the black *fur* collar of her coat. Mother told me years later what that solemn occasion was about. Elsie died of T.B., common than as it was not known as a communicable disease.

Uncle Jim and Daddy brought home a coyote. I stroked its "feathers" which Daddy said was fur. Uncle Jim told of how coyotes would outrun dogs, by one would run a while, then his mate would dash out to run a while until the dogs tired out and quit the chase. How one would lure a dog into the river and hold him under the water, then his mate would take turns until the dog drowned. They are clever animals.

I remember a big glass marble with colored spiral threads of glass inside. It was in a drawer in Aunt Cal's sewing machine. She was a Harn - married to Gus? She had lost a baby by giving it too much Laudinum to soothe its crying.

A neighbor man was blowing stumps to clear his land and because of too short a fuse or too much dynamite, got blown full of black splinters.

He came to our house and Daddy took him to a doctor. He looked really terrible.

We had a team and one horse was named Skookum - a Sivash word meaning strong and good, sometimes used as a word of approval. There were many Sivash there. Mother was afraid of Indians, of howling coyotes and was afraid to go outside alone after dark, but there was no inside plumbing so it became necessary to go outside to the toilet. As a joke, Daddy held the door shut and she couldn't get in the house. She didn't think it a bit funny. A squaw came one day and seeing me said, "Klute", Mother thought she meant cute but it was really Indian for female.

In early 1909 we left Wenatchee, whether by boat or train, I don't know. I know we did at some point travel by boat on the Columbia - a STEAM wheeler, I think. In Portland we boarded a train and went to Corning, California, where we rode in a motor car for the first time. We saw orange and olive trees. Somewhere on the train I swallowed a little metal donkey, that Daddy had let me play with. Uncle Marion had blown smoke in a blue bottle as a going away gift. That bottle got left behind, but a bottle of vanilla packed in a trunk broke and things had to be washed and aired. The trunk always smelled of vanilla. We arrived in Medford on February 14, 1909, Oregon's 50th year of statehood. Trains were good transportation then. The dining car had white linen cloths, nice silver and china. The waiters and porters were black men in white jackets. The engines were coal fired and made a lot of smoke and soot. The steam whistles seemed to speak of faraway places and gave one a feeling of nostalgia. They always made mother sad. Boys wanted to be engineers. We stayed at a hotel on S. Central, across from what is now the Craterian Theater. The dining room was on the street floor. They served a spicy, hot sausage which I like and I liked the smell of cigars the male guests smoked.

We lived a short time in a house on Haven street. I remember Mother standing looking out the door glass with tears rolling down her cheeks like the rain pouring down outside. I never did try to find that house, tho I revisited others. Daddy came walking home from town in the rain.

We moved to a big square house just south of the Lone Pine School. We went to the Lone Pine school. It was one room with one teacher and as many as 30 pupils. There was no talking, walking around or note passing. The pupils came up front to recite their lessons. I listened to stories of Fairies, Elves and Brownies and still remember them. The big boys dug a skunks den one noon and got sent home when they returned to school. One boy threw a rock at a big white pig hitting a vital spot and it fell over dead. The school yard was fenced with a stile to climb over, rather than a gate. I liked that and always wanted one.

Leah and I both started the first grade there. We played run sheep run in the nearby chaparell and war games captained by 8th grade boys. They organized snow ball fights with the small kids making snowballs. They later served in the Army in Europe in W.W.I. Jake Nelson and Dean Stacey.

Daddy bought 7 acres just west of the school and built a small house there, planted peach trees, strawberries, melons and garden. He took these things to Medford where he sold them door to door. There was a piece of ground, maybe 20 acres adjoining on the west, a meadow with a nice stream, with spicy water cress growing in it. There were oak trees and flowers - pink daisies on tall thin brown stems. I wished Daddy would buy it to add to our land. The stream came from a spring just below the Mira Vista Orchard of Alfred Carpenter. It was still running when I was there in 1981. We had a very happy, magical christmas. When we came down on Christmas morning there was a tree and decorations. A baby doll for each, a toy washboard and other gifts and a fluff of cotton on the floor from Santa's suit, of course. Christmas trees had twisted candles with clips that fastened on the limbs. Beautiful, but not too safe.

I remember Daddy talking about the sinking of the Titanic in 1912. We had an Edison phonograph with heavy thick cylinder records. We had a phone and electric lights. We also had a strong wind which blew the roof off the Carpenters big house and shifted ours on its foundation. Daddy and a helper were under the house shifting it back straight and Daddy got angry and threw a bar out and took off one of my toe nails. I howled and he felt so bad and soaked my toe in water, then put on Watkins salve and a bandage. Sab and a rag to me. Daddy helped build several houses nearby and helped put up neighbors crops. We used to walk to Medford and back, cutting across country to the city reservoir hill. Soon a street car came to the end of East Main, then to the reservoir. Our teacher took Leah and I to spend the night at her house one Friday and we rode the street car. Daddy and Mother came for us on Saturday. There was no radio, TV or paper delivery in the country then. On summer evenings we played outside til dark. The stars were so bright and the milky way was clearly visible. The air was clean and clear and lamp light could be seen a long way. I'm glad I lived then, before pollution and before birds and animals became endangered and humans too for that matter. Horses were the means of transportation then. Few people had cars or motorcycles. Men rode horseback as did some women. Usually women and children rode in horse drawn buggys. It was common to ride up to the fence and call out, "Hello the house", and someone went to the door to see what was wanted or ask the rider in. There was a big livery stable in Medford at the corner of 8th and S. Riverside. Horses, tack and rigs could be rented or horses

stabled. One night it burned and many horses were lost. Horses are terrified of fire but will run back into a burning barn because they are frightened and the barn has been a secure home. A neighbor brought an injured horse to her home and kept him until he healed. The smoke and smell from that fire hung over the town for many days.

We had a team which consisted of a young gelding and an old white horse. One noon, when daddy unhooked the traces from the harrow they just took off. They flew up an incline, jumped a high gate and down the road they ran. Daddy saw where they were headed and cut across country in that direction. He found them hung up on a fence about 3 miles away. He drove them home, more amused and amazed, than angry. How that old horse could jump so high and run so fast was a surprising thing. Later when we lived at the 401 orchard, we had a brown pony called Billy, that we rode to school. When being saddled he would draw a deep breath and swell up, so when the cinch was pulled up, and he released his breath, the cinch was loose and saddle slipped to the side. We learned to bump him with a knee and quickly draw up the cinch. Once running him home from school he suddenly stopped. We were bareback and being in front I shot off over his head and sat hard on the road. I could have killed him but hurt too bad. All I could do was scramble up, with Leah's help, on his rump and ride sideways on home. The 401 had a big grey gelding, which had a hard mouth and was hard to control. Daddy rode him home one day and I begged to ride him. Daddy warned me that he was difficult and to be careful. He took off on a dead run making a side dash under a laurel tree limb - I ducked and missed getting swept off. Daddy was down by the barn and saw that Duke was out of my control. He ran up the slope, scrambled over the fence and onto the road, in time to grab Duke by the reins. How he did it is still a miracle to me. Only his love for his child enabled him to do it, I'm sure. I was out there several times in later years and was struck each time by the miracle of it. Duke was soon sold as no one could trust or control him. The last time I rode horseback, a boy I knew brought horses for an evening ride. I was so stiff and sore for 2 or 3 days that I resolved to skip that activity. I hadn't ridden for years and didn't enjoy it as I had earlier.

1913-15 we had a team named Dick and Bess and a Surrey with a fringe on top. Bess was afraid of cars and would rear when meeting one. Daddy kept her on the right hand side away from the traffic. Dick was a sorrell gelding with white feet and blaze face. They were a lively pair. Too light for farm work, like plowing, etc. Daddy sold them to a man at Gold Hill, who later turned them loose. They weren't paid for so Daddy went to get them. He went into the hills calling their names and Bess came and put her head on his shoulder. Dick didn't appear. He was a bit wild because of rough treatment when being broke to harness. He was

headshy and jerked away at quick movements near his head. Daddy always spoke before going into the barn or touching him. He kicked a man out of the barn into a manure pile and would rear and pull Daddy off the ground by his lead rope. Daddy would talk softly to him and he would get down. Daddy used gentle hands and a soft voice and horses trusted him. Bess was later owned by an old man. He was driving down Main street, Bess got frightened and upset the buggy and the man was killed. Horses seem to have some form of silent communication as well as vocal. A team would suddenly bolt and run away apparently of one mind and without a sound. If separated they ran the fence calling for the missing one and would whicker, at the sight of him returning, also when Daddy went to the barn.

After the Lone Pine place was sold we moved to the Agate Desert. It was a mistake, as nothing grew well. As someone said you couldn't raise hell with 2 Irishmen and a jug of whiskey. Daddy tried sugar beets, wheat, sheep and milk cows. I liked that place. The open sky and long wide view. The new lambs, which we gathered up, to carry to the barn, with the mothers tagging along. We left the new calves alone. Those mothers turned into charging, butting idiots, better left alone. Mother always had chickens, which she threatened with a hatchet, if they slacked off on egg production. She always said it helped. We walked to school, which was in a central location in the middle of the desert. Sometimes the fog was so thick visibility was only a few feet. One family wandered around til noon before arriving at school. We hunted agates, which were everywhere, until Camp White was established just before W.W.II. It is now White City, an industrial complex. It got very hot there with no shade in sight and heat waves dancing, even a mirage sometimes. The coyotes howled from the foot hills and geese migrated over in Spring and Fall with wild calls. I loved to hear them. Coyotes have a sense of humor. They will howl, getting nearby dogs to barking - then be still until the dogs quiet down - then begin all over again. I could imagine them sitting out there grinning to themselves. We had Bull Bats in evening, with their booming crys and Night Hawks, with a lighter cry. Meadow Larks, Mourning Doves, whose call I love. China Pheasants, Quail, Killdeer and song birds. An irrigation canal was dug from Fish Lake to the valley and mother cooked for the crew while in our area. A couple came out from Medford to help. She helped Mother in the kitchen and he worked on the canal.

One winter we had a blizzard of blowing snow - rare in the valley- very cold. We watched anxiously for the lantern light to come from the barn, thinking of blizzard stories of the prairie states. We had chicken pox so couldn't play in the snow. Sounds carried a long way in the clear cold air. We could hear neighbors talking very clearly. Mother used to like to sit by the range in the

twilight, no lamps lit. We watched the fire light flicker on the wall and listened to the singing of the teakettle. A lovely time in the quiet stillness. I loved those evenings. There were some of them again in the kitchen in the big house in Jacksonville.

One spring day there was a rain and wind storm. We knew Daddy was due home, so watched for him. We saw the horses running down the road, but no driver in sight. They stopped at the gate and Daddy popped out from under the seat, where he was protected from some of the rain. He opened the gate, the horses came through, the gate was closed and Daddy drove on to the barn. Pretty clever of him we thought. Mae was born there, May 5, 1915. The Dr. and Dr.'s wife drove out the 10 miles from Medford, running into a horse enroute and damaging a headlight. They weren't very bright then anyway. Fords had magnetos and in low gear the lights were bright, but not when moving faster.

I like the sound of the screen door closing- it went bang-bang and then a final bang- always three times in descending noise- maybe you remember that on the Walton's show. Mother always said don't slam the screen door, or shut the door behind you, were you born in a barn?, or should I tie a rake on behind you? or it takes all winter to teach you to close the door and all summer to leave it open. I found a big stack of magazines, Blue books and Argosys mostly, and read every story and article. Words I didn't know, I would spell and Mother would pronounce them for me - so I read beyond my years and increased my vocabulary. Read Penrod, Tarzan and Peck's Bad Boy. I did not attend high school nor did many country kids. It meant boarding in town or having transportation. We had neither money or the car. Still I have been asked many times if I was a teacher because I spoke well and seemed knowledgeable, I suppose.

We moved to Gold Hill to care for a cherry crop. It is an old mining town but most of the old brick buildings have been torn down now. We lived in a house much like the Beekman house. It later burned down. There was a suspension bridge across the Rogue river and we used to get it to sway or vibrate up and down. One day we came home to find every chicken gone - not so much as a feather, to indicate they'd ever been there - stolen I suppose. We knew one of the Rhotens, who had found a big pocket of gold. He had spent all his, lost his wife and daughter, because of high living in San Francisco.

We moved to the 401 Orchard, 10 miles north east of Medford. We lived in a big square house a mile or so from the main buildings, down Sticky Lane. That gumbo stuck to everything and was passable, in winter, only by foot or horseback. We walked to the same little school on the desert, wearing rubber boots or riding Billy. Daddy gave me a 22 rifle and I wandered the foothills and found a rock

cliff where I often sat looking out over the valley or watching buzzards float so easily about the sky. Seeing a farmer putting up hay or working in his orchard. World War I began in Europe in 1914 and for us in 1917. Women began doing work they'd never done before. In our area we worked at thinning, picking and packing apples and pears. Mother, Leah and I worked, tho not all at the same time. It was hard to keep going on hot afternoons in 100° temps. One day our big boss took two car loads of us to Medford to see the first planes to land there. We went to the Gore place on J'ville highway and waited not knowing what we would see. Over the Siskiyou came two dots, which soon grew larger and came in for a landing. They were bi-planes, probably Jennys. The pilots wore goggles, leather helmets, jackets, tight leg pants (jodhpurs) and boots. After the war men like those barnstormed around the country doing loops, spirals, fall and maneuvers of all sorts, like a ballet, beautiful. Those planes were very stable and could take a lot of strain without falling apart. There were wing walkers, all very exciting to us earthlings. People ran out to watch them.

Mother took us to a carnival in Jacksonville, riding the train from Medford, when we were 5 and 7. In getting off the merry-go-round she sat down on the wet ground. That ruined the day and we went home. We also went to a fair and a woman ballonist came down in a swamp near Bear Creek. There were horse races, harness races, which Mother loved to see. If a horse broke stride from a trot, he was disqualified. She took us to a circus in Medford and to lunch in a restaurant, a treat. There was always a parade from the train to the circus grounds. They went down Main street to Riverside and north to the circus grounds. The animals were in brightly colored cages or circus wagons. The performers, in bright (gawdy) dress, rode Elephants, Camels and Horses. There was a band and a steam caliope. One year there was the largest Elephant ever in captivity, called Jumbo. He was enormous and the trainer was very careful as he came down the street. He didn't want to turn down Riverside which made everyone nervous. Shortly afterward in Washington state he killed his trainer and was put to death. Daddy took Mae and me to the Sells Floto circus after we moved to Medford. It was billed as the biggest show on earth. I don't remember much about it. When Leah got sick it was decided that we should be nearer a doctor and hospital, so we left the 401 and moved to Medford. I don't think I really thought Leah would die, tho she got weaker and weaker. Poor girl, to die at such a early age. Surgery could cure that condition now. Heart surgery was unknown then. Poor Mother, cried so the first rain fall after her death. I never saw Daddy cry over death, even his mothers, in 1921. I got the letter "edged in black", from the mailbox. He just got very quiet for a time. He used to say to

me "don't cry, see how brave you can be." It caused me to bottle up my feelings later when tears would have been a release from stress, instead I developed hypertension. I always wanted to please him.

I worked at Sacred Heart Hospital in the diet kitchen, putting finishing touches on trays which I took to and brought back from patients rooms. Then I got the measles which made me really sick. After that I worked spring to frost, in the orchards. I could climb to the top of 16' ladders, stand on top and reach out for limbs. Now trees are kept shorter and open so are easily picked. I was paid 25 to 35 cents an hour. I also worked in a packing house sorting fruit from a moving belt. Daddy did carpentering with other Adventist men. He also worked for a Mr. Knight, doing carpenter work and in the packing house. Mr. Knight was a frosty looking man but kind and always fair. A man fired daddy because he wouldn't work on Saturday and Mr. Knight said no way, you can't do that. Their relationship lasted several years until Mr. Knight retired.

Daddy had a quick, hot temper which he later learned to control. He and mother were papering a ceiling and he was standing on the table. The paper kept falling or peeling off the ceiling. About the 3rd time it fell down around his ears he got down, took his hat and departed without a word. I don't remember if that papering was ever accomplished or not. He was always neat and clean, changing his work clothes before supper. His hair was always combed and his hands never rough or poorly cared for. Like Mother, he was proud in his own way. Mother and Daddy took us to town with them. We were on Main street near Bartlett looking in windows and Leah and I were absorbed in something, we looked up to find them not nearby. I remember how frightened I was. We looked around for them and saw them across the street near Swens and Kidds shoe store. Toggery Bill had a mens store there too, he had ads painted on barns all around the valley. We ran across the street with great relief to join our parents. We were about 5 and 7. Country kids, always with our parents, never with a baby sitter or left with any one. Our little family of four was a tight little unit without relatives.

Toys were often home made. Whistles from willow limbs. Home made kites of crossed sticks, covered with paper and pieces of cloth for a tail. Hoops to roll with a stick, with a short cross piece on the end. Stilts, teeter totters, hopscotch in the dirt, swings of rope and a board seat, merry-go-rounds, dolls of corn husks and silk for hair. Daddy played checkers with us. We played hide and seek, and ante over - throwing a ball over a roof, if caught the catchers side ran around to try to touch the other team with the ball, marbles and three hole cat baseball. Bikes were scarce and of course no skates. Reading was my main enjoyment in winter.

I had never been in a confectionary store - soda fountain - until I was a teenager. I remember my first ice cream in a diary. I had gone to town with Daddy. I had no idea what to order, so I asked the boy I was with to order for me, an awkward situation. It was Crowsons, a very nice place across from Swems. The Crowson daughter was the town beauty and her boy friend was equally handsome, Herb Alfred. They married and lived near South Oakdale for many years.

I was not allowed to go to movies as Daddy said the devil was there in person. Leta persuaded me to go one night. I told mother, who said, just don't tell daddy. The same thing the night I went to a dance with Bernice and other Nelsons. One night Leta and I went to a dance in Medford and Daddy and Leta's mom came and took us home, tho Leta had been going for some time. One night Leta and I were walking up Main with two boys and Daddy came up and took me home. It was humiliating and I resented these things. Living in the country was wonderful but should have been seasoned with some city spice. We moved to Medford when I was about fourteen, ignorant of city ways and excited by the city. I was also lonely for the country and didn't know what to do with myself and so much time. Leta was the friend I had in town, tho I did know several Adventist girls, who were held up as models.

I went from that kind of close supervision and family into marriage and was never on my own until Grandpa Brewer, Daddy and Mother died in 1967.

Medford always had the reputation of being a snooty town. About 1910 many wealthy people from New York, Boston and other eastern states came to settle, in answer to a big promotion advertising program. Those people bought orchards and built mills, etc. They had a golf course and club house and a social circle known as the 400 club after Mrs. Astor's group in New York society. They all stayed in the valley and many of their descendents live there today. Medford has always been a moneyed town with several millionaires. The most notable was Alfred S.V. Carpenter, who gave several million to help build the Rogue Valley Hospital. Scholarships to high school kids, several million to Harvard, his alma mater, established a foundation for special cases and causes and still left millions in his will. As late as the '60s there was a sudden outbreak of divorces, wife swapping and scandal among the rich social class. The descendents of those early settlers have an exclusive club which is so exclusive that almost nothing is heard of it. Medford school district built a Jr. High school on the edge of the homes of these people - its called "The Little Harvard on the Hill", sneeringly by some, enviously by others. I grew up amidst all this and was not really aware of the "caste system" until I heard it from outsiders. One of my good friends is

as a shoe shine passenger

a descendent of a wealthy New York shipping family, who had a fleet of clipper ships, the so called China Clippers because they carried on trade with China in the 1800's. I've often heard that newcomers are unable to break into high society or be accepted there and in part it's true, I suppose. We had no aspirations to travel with that group and had many friends of our choosing, whenever we found them.

Medford was also known as a sundown town. A black was warned by police to leave town by sundown. There was Negro family living at 8th and Bartlett about 1910 to 1915. There was a man, wife and son about 8 or 9. They were decent people. Daddy brought the man to church one Saturday and he was given a cold shoulder, the air was full of tension. Didn't they think his soul was worth saving? Such prejudice! Many years later I stopped to have shoes shined and recognized the "shoe shine boy" as ~~Sammy~~ *Sammy*. When I asked if he was he got very frightened and mumbled something -I said, "Oh, I'm sorry, I guess not." He was not reassured and left town. For some years in the early '20s, a small black man, called Little George, had a shoe shine parlor near the Nash Hotel on Main street. He had a physical deformity of the spine. He became a sort of pet of local business men and when he died many stores were closed for the funeral. The Bybee family, early settlers in the valley brought slaves with them. A man near Eagle point married a black woman and their descendents live near there still. The Bybee's buried their dead in a special cemetery, the location of which has been lost tho historians have searched records and likely places for it. In the early '20s a group of business men formed a Ku Klux Klan in Medford. They made the fact known one night by burning a huge cross on Roxy Ann. I saw it and Mother and Daddy came out to see it. Daddy explained what it was about. Stories began to circulate about their activities. They took a young black man into the Siskiyou and threatened to castrate him. He didn't even return for his things, just fled. They threatened a prominent business man the same treatment. His wife had died in the 1918 flu epidemic and he was having an affair with a beautiful blonde young woman, who worked in his piano store. She was a sophisticated woman who was not an innocent girl. Eventually the group died out tho rumor has it there is a small group still there. A friend and author had gathered the list of members and their foul deeds and said he planned a book as soon as the descendents were dead or gone. Unfortunately, he died in 1980.

Medford was a very dressy town. Women wore suits, hats, gloves and furs on the streets. Those who could afford to, traveled to San Francisco and Portland to buy clothing. John C. Mann had a very fine store on N. Central which stocked

good late fashions. Mr. Mann was a dapper figure. His suits were fine quality materials, probably made to order. He was so well groomed, he shone. He wore a bowler hat and carried a cane or swagger stick. Every morning he came down the street to open the store. His assistant manager, John Moffat, was a neat young man who married one of the Mann daughters. He operated the store in the Mann tradition until it was sold to the Miller chain in 1965. It was never the same.

Mother, Daddy and Mae moved to Coquille in 1931. The depression was getting really bad. They were very poor and Daddy worked for groceries, milk or anything they could use. He worked hard all his life, even into his 80's and tho they never went hungry and always looked well dressed they never had any real prosperity. Mother had lots of illness and several major surgeries. Later he built and sold houses or built for others. I could never decide who was the rolling stone, Mother or Daddy. Daddy was not a spender but Mother was in a way. Always trading furniture with the second hand people and we might come home to find a favorite thing gone. What became of the Edison phonograph and later the tall wind up one? a cute little desk? and my books? She moved furniture around, Daddy said he never knew where the bed might be at bedtime. True, I think it reflected her inner unhappiness and eternal loneliness. She didn't have a very happy life. Daddy said to Mae and me, you girls have never said or done an unkind word or deed to me. He and I were always close and as a child I tagged along trying to help him when I could or just to be with him.

When I was a child, women wore long skirts and shirt waists, long stockings and black shoes. Long hair done up. Pregnant women did not go out and if they did, tried to conceal the condition. Sex was NOT discussed. Girls wore mid-calf length dress - like Little House on the Prairie - long hair or curls for special occasions - done up in long rags to make long curls. Black stockings and high shoes - maybe white stockings and Mary Jane's for dress. Mary Jane's were slippers with ankle straps. Boys wore knee pants which buckled below the knee and got long pants about 13 years of age. Caps were always worn. Men always wore hats which they "tipped" to women. Hats became passe after W.W.II and especially so after the Kennedys came to the White House. About 1912 stylish women wore very long tight skirts, with a short side split, thru which brightly colored taffeta pleated petticoats peeked. Only short steps were possible. Shoes were high laced with high French heels, which curved under then out again. Women wore stiff corsets and whale bones. No nice lady wore red, that was for "shady ladies." Wide gold bracelets were fashionable. No women wore makeup as today, only a bit of powder. For a time men wore stiff collars which fastened to shirts with gold or metal collar buttons, which were always dropping or rolling

under furniture. Pants legs were very slim. Between the two things daddy was fit to be tied at times. He always fussed at having to unlace his shoes and remove them before taking off his pants, then having to put them on again. Manners were formal. First names were not used, except between friends. Children did not call their elders by first names and if friends of their parents, first names were preceded by Aunt, Uncle, Grandma or Grandpa. Most men did not pay a great deal of attention to babies and small children, not even their own. That was for women. Men made the living, handled the finances and women kept the house and cared for the children. The roles were strictly defined. Children gave up their chairs to their elders or waited until they sat before finding a chair. Then after World War I, great changes took place. Young women wore very short skirts, above the knee. They cut their hair into sleek bobs or wore puffs over the ears, jokingly called "cootie garages." They bound their breasts flat and wore straight dresses so as to look as flat as possible. Makeup became more common and was frowned upon. Public dances became popular and the Charleston came in. Girls had more freedom than before. It was a sort of frantic time and feeling - a release from the war years - which became known as the Roaring Twenties. Cars were available to boys and they took girls out, to dances and shows. The changes were dramatic. It leveled with the crash of 1929, which began the big depression of the 30' and only began to fade in '37-38, as we began to prepare for World War II. Men rolled their own cigarettes but they began to be manufactured amid a big advertising campaign - you know the rest of that saga. After WWI they were smoked by men and a few high society women. I was shocked to see Mrs. Leonard Carpenter smoking one. If girls got pregnant they were sent away until after the birth and the baby was adopted out. Retarded children sometimes were kept out of sight as much as possible.

There were no freezers and foods were available only in season. We looked forward to spring fryers, strawberries, melons, green peas and new potatoes done in cream and butter. Sunday dinners were special. Fried spring chicken. In fall fresh pork and in winter stewed chicken and home made noodles, always pie or cake and home made icecream in summer. Kids got to lick the dasher while the ice cream was repacked to harden and ripen.

In the evenings it was common for people to tell stories of when they were young or hunting, etc. To sit in the stillness and soft lamp light and soft voices was a special thing. A dear old lady told of a cold winter in Wisconsin. The meat in brine, smoked and salted was kept in barrels and boxes on the porch and the wolves would come up to get the meat. She also told of a young man, who was determined to go on home in the night. When he didn't arrive, his family

came to search for him. They found a boot hanging from a crotch of a tree and bloody snow beneath. I was afraid to look out a window, for fear one might be looking in. Those were wonderful times. By putting hands between lamp light and the wall, shadow figures could be made on the wall, of rabbits and other objects and animals. We learned verses and such - like - there was a crooked man, who walked a crooked mile, found a crooked six pence behind a crooked stile, he bought a crooked cat, who caught a crooked mouse and they all lived together in a crooked little house. I always liked this especially. Leah read to me, storys she read at school. Little half chick made me cry. He was it turned out, a weather vane which turned with the wind forever. I thought it was for real.

Bread was baked at home mostly, and the kitchen smelled so good then. A heel all hot and buttery was a real treat. Meat, eggs, butter, cream, milk, fresh vegetables and rendered lard were on hand at home on the farm or even in small towns. Coffee, tea, soap, flour, sugar and salt were purchased in town at the stores. People made pickles, kraut, etc., at home. Clothing was made at home. Some big families had a seamstress in to sew for them. Mother didn't like to sew, so I learned when I was about 15. Coal oil - Kerosene - lamps and lanterns were used in the country. They were filled as needed, the chimneys washed and wicks trimmed to have a straight flame, so as not to blacken the chimney. Keeping foods cold was done by lowering butter and such in a bucket, down a well shaft or if there was a running stream, a springhouse could be built over the stream. They had thick walls and doors and sawdust over the ceiling. There were shelves to sit things on or they could be set in the water. Some houses had a narrow cupboard with slotted shelves, a screen at the floor level and to the outside top. In Washington, ice blocks were sawed at the river and stored in an ice house in sawdust - a community affair or by several families.

Laundry was done on Mondays on a wash board of corrugated tin, copper or glass. Things were soaped from a bar of soap and rubbed up and down on the board, resulting in raw knuckles and blisters. Two rinse waters were used, the last with bluing. Clothes were rung out by hand or a hand turned wringer. Things were hung on an outside line and smelled so fresh when dry. Most things had to be ironed. Irons were heated on the stove, range, 3 or 4 at a time and reheated as they cooled. They were called sad irons! The first electric irons had no thermostat to regulate heat and had to be disconnected or turned off at a cord hanging from a socket, from which the bulb had been removed. Cooking was done on the woodburning range. Meat and beans have never been done so well on an electric range. Houses were heated by "wood" heaters or fireplaces - not very

efficient as they were not circulating ones. They were lovely to dream by but many times were closed off and a heater placed in front. There were no electric blankets so getting into a cold bed took courage. Earlier, hot bricks were placed at the foot or a pan full of coals could be passed over the bottom sheet or cotton blankets were used which were warmer than sheets. Night gowns or nightshirts were worn by males and females. Some men wore underwear to bed. daddy always got up first and built the fires so we could dress by a stove. Mother never mastered fire building, while Daddy and later I could have a hot fire in minutes. I always had a wood range if possible, even tho there was also an electric range. In cities ice boxes were used. The householder put a card in the window with the amount of ice wanted and the ice man stopped his horse and wagon and later car, cut the block of ice, weighed it and with tongs brought it and placed it in the ice box. A drip pan underneath was emptied as the ice melted. Milk, eggs, cream and butter were delivered house to house, if wanted and payed for at months end. I had my first electric range, washer and refridgerator in 1930. Such luxury - a wringer run by electricity, which pressed water out. It had big soft rubber rollers which didn't make creases as the earlier small hard roller did.

When we moved into a different house, Mother checked the wall paper for blood or brown spots, a sign of bed bugs - common then. We never had them but knew people who did. Mother would stand the legs of beds in cans of kerosene and always fumigate the house by burning sulphur before we moved in. Bed bugs seemed to become extinct in the teens. At the Lone Pine School, Leah came home with head lice and Mother had a fit. She washed our hair in kerosene water and checked us for days for any more. She went to school to report them and the teacher checked all heads and the kids with them were sent home to stay until free of them. They didn't like us much after that. They grew up to be clean, well dressed men and women - stylish, in fact!

Bernice Nelson Greb and I became friends in first grade and still are. Leta Grigsby and I went to school together when we lived at the 401 and were good friends until her death in 1983. Alice Damm lived next door at Prospect and we remained good friends always until her bad stroke in 1978. I saw her last in 1978 and she was in very poor mental shape then. I've been fortunate in having good friends of long standing. Only Bernice is left now and she is suffering depression. I give her all the help and support I can.

After we moved from the big house below the Lone Pine School, a family named Fristoe lived there. There were three generations. They came from the south, maybe Virginia, West Virginia or Kentucky - a colorful, hospitable family. He

was a candy maker and made a big batch of taffy which he pulled from a hook on a pantry door. He gave us a small amount to pull. She dipped snuff and dipped a small stick into a small white jar of snuff, then putting the stick in one cheek she'd place 2 fingers across her lips and spit across a 5 or 6 foot porch into the yard, never missing. She kept the cats, dogs and chickens on the alert to keep out of range. Once when we were there the son-in-law and son got into a fist fight, they'd been drinking. Mother was so offended, that she never went back. A girl our age once showed us a box of rings of all colors of stones. I was fascinated. We dressed up in her big sisters dresses and high heel shoes and big hats with feathers. The two big sisters worked in town at the laundry but went out nights dressed to the teeth in up to the minute styles - even over dressed for the time and place. They later moved to California, which may have been less "stuffy" than Medford. The next family to live there were the Colbys - a grandma, an old auntie, Mr. and Mrs., two grown boys and a grown daughter. The two old ladies, tho unrelated shared a downstairs bedroom. They did hand work, quilt piecing and such. One night someone came for Daddy, who got up, dressed and went to their house. Mr. Colby had died of T.B., probably hemorrhage of the lungs. Daddy helped them for several days. They later moved to Coos Bay.

The 7th Day Adventist held a revival at the Lone Pine School, ¹⁹¹¹⁻¹² one summer and the folks joined. Mother not as whole heartedly as Daddy. It was a very restrictive religion and no pork was allowed, very little meat except chicken and fish, so no more bacon which I loved. No more Santa Claus, no pictures of people - idols, don'tcha know! No play or work from sunset Friday to Saturday evening. Very plain dress, no jewelry or decorative things on dresses or hats. No Friday evening school programs and no swearing of course. When I was 5 or 6 I got angry and stood out behind the house and said all the swear words I knew and stamped my feet. If Daddy made a mistake while building something he'd raise his hammer, grit his teeth and say D. I thought he might as well say damm as think it. When we lived on the desert, he'd take we girls for walks on Saturday afternoons. Once we stopped at an old lady's house, Grandma Turpin and her daughter. They both lit corn cob pipes and smoked. I know now that Mrs. Turpin was a Grigsby, a distant relative who was from the same family in Virginia, as we descended from and Leta Grigsby's family also. Her branch went into Tennessee, Texas, California and Oregon. Ours went into Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois and some to Oregon. We had never seen women smoke and told mother, who said, no woman in her family ever smoked. Daddy said his grandmother did, meaning Grandma Charlotte Wilson or perhaps, more likely her mother, Sarah Keeling Grigsby Moore Wilson.

Her husband died early and she went to Illinois with other families, as they did then and remarried. Moore first, then we think John S. Wilson. She lived to be at least 90, living with son John Grigsby in Illinois. The data is in the genealogy material. Charlotte was two when her father died. People, the Grigsbys, Clarks, Wilsons, Collins and perhaps the Bennetts traveled from state to state, either together or followed each other and married among these families. Charlotte went out to Iowa and married John or Jehu Collins, who had two small children, whose mother had died. He died of an injury from the Black Hawk War. She then married Benjamin Wilson and had many children, two sets of twins among them. He had fought in the Civil War, as had many men in the family and got dysentery, which so many suffered from. In 1877 they came to Oregon to the home of his brother John and his wife, Sarah, in Linn County. Then to Wallowa, then Union County. Their daughter, Margaret Coffman and son John lived there. Margaret's husband, Joshua had been in the war and they knew each other then. On August 14, 1878, Benjamin took his rifle and a bucket to gather wild raspberries. Joshua and another man were some where on horseback. When Grandpa Benjamin didn't return, the family went in search. He was found 8 days later, under a pile of brush, murdered and partially dismembered. Joshua was arrested and a hearing was held and he was released. Still when I got records from the Eastern Oregon College at La Grande, it was found that the record of the hearing had been torn from the record book and no Indian did that, tho Joshua had blamed them. Daddy always said it was either a son-in-law or Indians, tho they were peaceful and felt his branch of the family blamed Joshua. A cousin who knew Joshua said as a child she feared him, that he was a surly, brooding man. Grandma later married John S. Wilson, Benjamin's brother, after John's wife Sarah died. Pat and I found Grandma Charlotte is buried near Sellwood, in the old Pioneer cemetery. Benjamin's remains were gathered in a blanket and buried near the cabin in which they lived - lost and unfindable, I'm sure. Charlotte got \$6.00 a month pension as a widow of a veteran. How she lived on that, one asks.

There was no need to exercise as people do now, tho they ate meat, potatoes, milk gravy, eggs, butter, biscuits and other no-nos. They did hard physical work, cut their own wood with cross cut or buck saws and walked behind a plow, harrow, disc and planter. Kept a big garden, drew water from a hand dug well and washed by hand. Children helped in the garden, brought in wood, milked cows, fed chickens and girls helped in the house and did dishes. Older children helped care for the younger ones. There were no child labor laws, except in cities, to protect poor kids from "Sweat Shops". There was no time to get into trouble as they do today. Responsibility was taught early, and they learned to live and were

John P. & Sarah Stagnell are buried in Benson Pioneer Cemetery

generally happy. There were no gangs of idle kids in small towns.

When we lived at Gold Hill we had several tramps or Hobos stop in, tho we were off the highway and across the river from Gold Hill. Daddy always said feed them and Mother would cook a meal and let them sit on the back steps, if Daddy was not home. One day a little woman stopped and Mother asked her in and gave her a meal. She looked very short and big around. She was coming from Medford, where she had been working in the cannery. She had on all her petticoats and dresses and a couple of jackets, etc. She visited a while, then went on to Grants Pass. Daddy, said there were signs to guide tramps to our house. Some tramps would split wood or kindling in exchange. Daddy would let them sleep on the hay if they wouldn't smoke.

I whistled and sang a lot and Mother would say, "Whistling girls and crowing hens always come to some bad end. I asked why Indians were so feared and hated. I'd read a book about a young man named Rolph, who blackened his face and hands with black walnut hulls and went among the Indians freely. He had a birch bark canoe. They hunted, fished and lived where and how they pleased. Sounded good to me but Mother didn't agree.

Gypsy's traveled in horse drawn covered wagon in family groups, called caravans. They camped near by once and two of the women came to the house. I don't remember what they wanted. Mother stood in the door way with Leah and I peering around her skirts. People said they were thieves and locked up or nailed down anything they could carry off. The women told fortunes, palm reading and the men were horse traders. They live in cities now in thier own groups. A caravan camped along the river outside of Gold Hill. Two of the young women went into town, they wore several skirts of different colors, head scarves, big hoop earrings and other jewelry. They cooked over an open camp fire and in evening they danced to violin music and seemed to have a good time. It's not known from where they came or of what tribe. Were they one of the lost tribes of Israel? From one of Jacobs twelve sons - no record exists of what became of them, those twelve men.

Probably spending time alone as a child has helped me in these late years. I was fond of dolls, teddy bears and tea parties, but later baseball, marbles, horses, camping and hiking. I always wanted to know what things were made of and how. Mother got upset because I took the arms and legs off my "nigger baby", a boy doll with red and white check rompers. They were on elastic which Mother refused to restring, to my sorrow. George taught me about cars and trucks and said you drive the car, you take care of it. Between Pat and I we could do almost anything electrical, carpentering, wallpapering, painting, carpets, etc.

Men have said I have a logical mind, that I think like a man, that I was a mans woman. I felt very complimented. Perhaps todays young women wouldn't be complimented, but I was. I've always liked men and enjoyed the way their minds work and have had some good men friends.

I spent a lot of time at the Nelsons. There were eleven children, five girls and six boys, from tiny baby to grown up. Their father died before the last child was born. The big boys and older sister cared for the younger ones. They kept them clothed, fed and in school. The attic was a dorm where all the kids slept, except the two little girls. Bernice and Helen did the cooking from the teenage on, until they married, then the younger girls took over. Most of them did very well, tho 2 were drunks like their father, and like him died young. I liked the big family and wished we had relatives nearby. Mother didn't understand as they weren't as clean or neat as our house. There was always something to do. I learned to play cards from watching the big boys and to like coffee, which they all drank. We used to take a big slice of bread and put applesauce on it and thought we were in hog heaven.

Leta Grigsby and I went to school in the desert and lived about half mile apart when we lived at 401. Our parents were friends, our mothers, especially. Later we lived in Medford and saw each other often. We got in risky situations which scared our mothers silly and us too later, when we talked about them, tho we did laugh. We were friends always, until her death in 1984. We were distant cousins, tho did not know it until later years.

Friends are wonderful to have and I've been fortunate to have so many of long standing. In the long run family's the most important of all, especially in the late years with grandchildren and great grankkids. They are a continuation of family from 1660 to 1986, a long line of people, 350 years. Grigsbys, Wilsons, Bennetts, Mabens, Neals and Bishops.

Levis Maben and I were married July 3, 1923. I was seventeen and he was nineteen, both too young and irresponsible. He was still chasing girls and women. Pat was born August 15, 1924. I got a divorce June 2, 1925. The first divorce in the families. The Mabens were good people. They came to Oregon from Missouri. They were from Scotland. There is an island off the west coast of Scotland, called the Isle of Maben. Mrs. Maben was a Lozier, her mother was a Pheister and a hell raiser, always into no good, aggravating neighbors, even to building a spite fence, which after a hearing, had to be cut down to a lower height. The Lozier's were French and the Pheisters were German. Lozier Lane in Medford is named for them. They were long lived and are all buried in the Medford area.

On Feb. 28, 1926, Roy Peterman and I married. We lived in Medford until he got a job with the California, Oregon Power Company - Copco. We moved to Copco, California, where he became an operator in the power house. It was a very isolated place, roads were impassable in winter. Groceries were ordered from Hornbrook and came in on an open car on a rail line, built when the plant was built. It was a very lonely place, not house near ours. A very volcanic area, with many rattlesnakes among the rocks. Roy fished and hunted and because of odd hour shifts, had to sleep at odd hours. I disliked living there. Later we went to the Prospect plant, where we lived for eight years. As you know Roy did not communicate and wanted his way in all things. He got it by silently doing his way and because he was insecure, held me up to ridicule and made snide remarks. I got more and more unhappy. I had an appendectomy March 28, 1937, and had a bad reaction, maybe from too much ether. It was several days before I was fully conscious. I realized some changes must be made, but how? I tried to talk with Roy, to tell him changes needed to be made if we were going to continue together, to no avail and we were divorced in November 1938.

The summer of 1938, George Brewer and I ran into each other at a carnival. We'd been friends for years. He and his wife were divorced and his two boys lived with him at his mothers. We were married December 14, 1938 in California. We had a good marriage until his death on September 27, 1967. That was a bad year, Mother died in April, Grandpa Pete Neal in July, Daddy September 17th and George on the 27th. George's boys were 6 and 9 and always lived with us. I love them dearly and George loved Pat as dearly. We had many good years as a family.

I've been fortunate in being near my grandchildren. I stayed with Pat before and after Patrick was born, and after Kathy was born, also Doug. Grandpa and Grandma Bennett and Auntie and Uncle Frank McCrary were living at Coquille and saw a lot of Patrick as a baby. They all baby sat and helped with him. Pat and Harold moved out to the Willamette Valley when Kathy was tiny so I got to rock and hold her and watch her grow. She was a cuddly little girl who I enjoyed so much, and we grew close and have remained so. When Doug was born Truman and I were at the hospital. We had been building fence out at thier place and Pat said lets go, so we went to our place in Medford. Doug was born on Truman's 40th birthday, September 24, 1957. I enjoy them all- each is different from the other, all very bright. Kathy was never one to lose her temper. Patrick has learned to manage his and I hope Doug will level off and not to go to extremes, as he sometimes does. He's smart and will see its not wise to lose control. Doug had a nasty fall on his bike in Ashland. Riding down a steep hill on gravel, he had to stop fast. They had just moved to Ashland and he wasn't sure where he lived.

A lady picked him up and with the help of some children decided where he lived and brought him home. He had gravel imbedded in his cheek and was a sight. Pat had just started a new job and had to leave for market the next day, so I went up for 2 or 3 days. I was shocked at the sight but didn't let him know it. His face, ear and side of his head were swollen terribly. He was afraid to look in the mirror. He did about the 3rd day, at my coaxing. He could be very frightened, so one had to stay very calm with him. He ran everywhere as soon as he could walk and loved to wear Truman's boots, tin hat and put his pipe in his mouth

Patrick had infantile paralysis when he was just past two. Pat brought him to our house at Creswell. We went to the doctor with her. When the diagnosis was made, he was sent to the hospital, where he was put in isolation, in a crib, behind glass. Poor baby. Thank God doctors now realize what that can do to small children. He was devastated. We went to see him every day and he would go to the end of the crib and try to reach between the wall and glass to reach to Pat. They could touch fingers only. He was there for 10 days. When he was released we brought him to our house for a day or so. Only the right side of his mouth showed any effect of the illness and gradually improved and left. His sense of balance was affected too. They all went home to Yoncalla. Pat phoned in a few days and said Mother, Patrick is driving me crazy, he is after me constantly, crying and screaming, come down. It occurred to me he was suffering from the separation and may have felt deserted, that he needed to be reassured, held and loved. That seemed to be the answer, tho the effects of that trauma lasted for many years. Poor little boy.

When Pat was just learning to walk, Grandpa would stand her on his shoes and walk to teach her - or hold her hands and walk her sometimes to the screen door and call Mae, Mae, so she learned to do that. She recognized tunes and tried to sing with me. She had a doll which she called Dewy for dolly, a friend of mine called her Dewy. She was careful of her toys and kept them for years. She and Grandma were close and Grandma adored her. Grandma had helped raise most of her younger brothers and sisters and was not generally fond of babies, but loved Pat, Patrick and Kathy very much. So did Grandpa and Mae. They never really knew Doug or saw him very much. I thought he was the handsomest little boy I'd ever seen and who liked to be rocked and cuddled.

I'm proud of my family. Its been a busy life - never dull. Many ups and some down, but mostly good, even during the depression years. We had fun tho we might have only a few dollars or none. George traded work for food at the store, for a cow, chickens, a sow and two piglets. We might take our last few cents and go to a movie, we were never down. Rent for a decent house, garage, barn and

chicken house was \$25.00 a month. We burned wood for cooking and heat and could buy a cord for a few dollars or trade for it. I traded our last pig for wood, couldn't eat Ferdie, he was a pet. We all worked hard, George in the woods or the shop, the boys and I put up hay, tore down and old fence and put up a new one. I kept a big garden, canned vegetables and fruit, got the cows in in the morning, brushed and curried them and worked in the garden before George and Jim got up. I got breakfast while they milked the cows. I painted the outside of our old farm house, at Creswell, a pretty red. trimmed in white and painted and papered the inside which we had renovated and improved. After the boys were gone, we sold that place and in September of 1954, moved to Medford where we bought a house next to Nannie, George's Mother. She was 81 and not well, so I took her to the Doctor and helped in any way she would permit. George fixed a wall between the two houses so she could ring for us, which she did one night. She had had a massive stroke and lived only three days.

When Kathy was about 3, we all went to a circus in Cottage Grove. She was entranced with the trapeze girls and thought that was just what she wanted to be. She caught the eye of a young man, riding an elephant. He kept watching her every time he came into the arena. Later we were in a restaurant and he was there. He had looked very dashing and romantic at the circus, but was in reality scruffy and very unappealing. What a let down. Kathy could spot a spot light for a carnival miles away and set up a fuss to go. She rode everything in site, totally unafraid, having a wonderful time. At 17 she rode a new ride which upset her stomach and she barfed, splattering a man's shoe. She was so embarrassed. She rode the roller coaster in Long Beach and escorted a young sailor, who was timid about riding alone, so he said.

When Doug was just over a year old, he was riding in the front seat of the car, in a car seat, not like the ones of today, when a man ran a stop sign and hit the car. It threw him around, even so, and skinned him up. Pat called me and I went to take them home. Doug clung around my neck, stiff with fright. He was very uneasy in a car for years afterward. I'd coax him to ride to the P.O. with me, promising to be very careful. When he began driving he got a few tickets for speeding!

Patrick and Pat would come to visit and he took all the pots and pans out of the cupboard, set them out on the floor and then go take the books out, then he was ready to go home. Once I found him by the night table with my 25 automatic in his hand. The safety was on, but it frightened us. I must see that it's out of Alex's reach.

In 1959 we bought a big old house in Jacksonville, which we carefully renovated. It was beautiful, such a welcoming house. Meanwhile, I cared for the Beekman house for five years, showing it to the public, hiring girl guides and supervising. There was a gambrel roof barn and woodshed on our big lot, so we moved them to a new foundation and made a lovely New England type house and garage. I designed the plans and George worked on that project, as I did, when we had time. We finished that in January of 1967. George's health began to fail and he died in his sleep on September 27 of that year. He had been very active in Jacksonville politics and restoration. I had organized town meetings and helped as I could. It was a special time for us doing things we'd never done before. I sold that place and moved to Ashland where I redid a house with help from Pat in decorating. I sold the buildings in Medford, the three houses in Ashland and rattled around rootless for years. Now it's September of 1986 and I've bought a mobile home in Cornelius and am quite settled in and contented.

HEY! I'll be 81 this month.

- Finis-

Mother, Grandmother & Great Grandma

Doris sent this quote of Bob Considine " The people of Connemara are as unpredictable as the country. They are distinct in appearance from the rest of the Irish, tall and gaunt as the stalk in their greatcoats through the rain. Their houses are plain oblongs of white washed rock, roofed with overlapping bundles of straw. The only fuel is peat, chopped in square blocks from the bog and piled beside the road to dry; and seaweed is hauled up from the beach to fertilize the meager garden patch. Yet, there is a look of fierce pride in their sharp angular faces, a self reliance that refuses sympathy or charity. A connemara man will give you the shirt off his back, but don't try to take it from him by force. He has the quick temper that shifts as quickly to a grin and a deep-seated and sometimes obdurate independence". She says this more than describes Uncle Coyner. Doris thinks the Bennetts could be Scotch Presbyterians.



Marcus
Parr



Alma Clark

Alma Clark, 68, of Mansfield died Wednesday, March 2 at Cole Hospital, Champaign. Funeral services were held Friday, March 5 at the Church of

the Nazarene, Mansfield. The Reverend Mr. Earl Reinbold officiated. Burial was in the Mansfield Cemetery.

Mrs. Clark was born January 6, 1909, a daughter of Ruben and Mary Bennett Parr. She married Lloyd Clark on June 1, 1928 in Mansfield.

She leaves a daughter, Jolene Bauerle of Mansfield; a son, Leslie of Mansfield; a sister, Myrtle Gee, formerly of St. Johnsville, NY; six grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

She was preceded in death by her husband and four brothers.

Mrs. Clark was a member of the Mansfield Church of the Nazarene, where she was church treasurer for several years. She also taught Sunday school for the past 32 years. She was also a member of the Missionary Society.

She and her husband had farmed in the Farmer City-Mansfield area for 42 years.

Grimes To Host Country Music Show In Clinton

FARMER CITY — Country western singer ^{Alma's family} Dave Grimes of Farmer City will be starring on his own radio show starting Nov. 15.

Grimes' show, "Country Classics," will air for the first time at 9:30 p.m. on radio station WHOW in Clinton.

The radio program will feature Farmer Dave and the Hired Hands and Susan Brading of Lincoln.

Grimes, who is 33 and one-third years old — "just like the album speed" — cut his first record June 30.

One side of the 45 rpm record, "Mother of My Teardrops," has lyrics written by Bobby Shields of Odessa, Texas, and music by Grimes.

The other side of the record is the country classic, "Born to Lose."

"Both sides have had an encouraging success in the United States," said Grimes. "But 'Born to Lose' has really taken off in Europe. Seven countries in Europe and one in South America now feature the record."

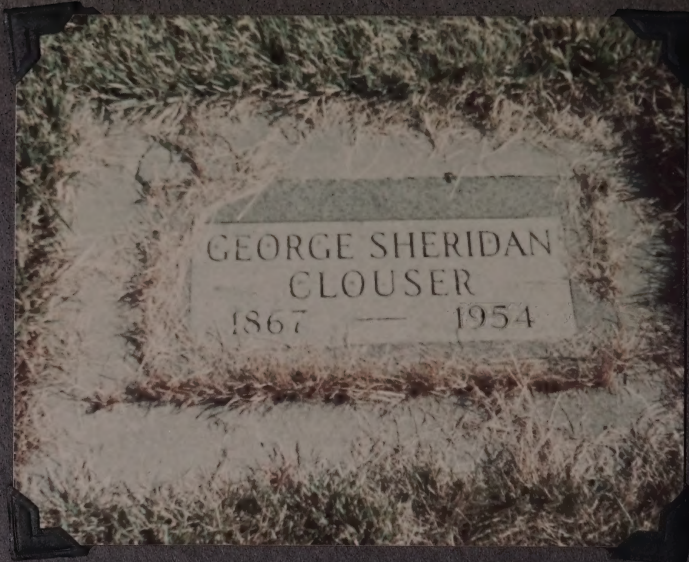
"A Dave Grimes fan club is also doing real well in Europe," Grimes said.

Grimes records for Music Maker Studios in Lincoln. A second 45 rpm record as well as an album are now in production.

Grimes comes by the Farmer Dave title honestly. He has farmed with his grandfather and father near Farmer City for a number of years.



George &
Laura
Clouser



Mansfield
Cemetery



Roy
Tessie &
children



Coyner
Maude
Bennett

North School, Medford, Oregon



Doris Lucile
Bennett age 5



Mae
Bennett

Minnie &
Coyner
Bennett



Brady & Medaris,

MONTICELLO,
ILLINOIS.



Coyner
Maude

in front of their house at Monticello



Leah, Doris
Mae



Betty, Aunt Mandy, Mae, Ozella



Doris Bennett Brewer



Mae Bennett Clymer



Home converted from barn
by Doris Brewer and husband





Doug
Pat
Doris
Alex



Doug
Doris
Kathy



Douglas Truman Bishop
Alexander Douglas Bishop



Alexander Douglas Bishop



Doris (Bennett) Brewer

Christmas 1986

4 generations:

Doug - Pat- Doris & Alex





Alexander Bishop



*God hath not promised
Skies always blue,
Flower-strewn pathways
All our lives through;
God hath not promised
Sun without rain,
Joy without sorrow,
Peace without pain.
But God hath promised
Strength for the day,
Rest for the labor,
Light for the way.
Grace for the trials,
Help from above,
Unfailing sympathy
Undying love . . .*

IDA B. BENNETT

BORN

October 24, 1895
Blue Ridge Township
Piatt County, Illinois

DEPARTED THIS LIFE

March 2, 1990
Jackson Heights Nursing Home
Farmer City, Illinois

SERVICES HELD AT

10:30 A.M. March 6, 1990
Calvert-Belangee-Bruce
Funeral Home
Farmer City, Illinois

OFFICIATING

Rev. Lee Reed
Organist: Dona Howe

INTERMENT

Maple Grove Cemetery
Farmer City, Illinois

PALLBEARERS

Steven Bennett	Douglas Franzen
Curtis Bennett	Donald Edsall
Leslie Franzen	Russell Howland
Owen Green	

Carl &
Ida
Bennett





Ozley
Bennett



Elmer Bennett

Many Attend Bennett Golden Wedding Party

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Bennett, who were wed on Oct. 7, 1903, in Canton, Ill., celebrated their golden wedding anniversary Saturday evening, when upwards of 75 friends and relatives attended open house at the Odd Fellows hall in their honor.

Mrs. Bennett received her guests wearing a dark brown wool street-length dress with green trim. Her corsage of yellow roses and her husband's carnation boutonniere were gifts from their grandchildren.

The couple's four children, Mrs. Herman Battan, of Crystal Falls; Arnold Bennett, of Ironwood, Charles, of Marquette, and Garrett, of Amasa, were hosts and hostess to the reception.

Buffet lunch was served from a table laid with a lace cloth and centered with a three-tier cake decorated with gold and flanked by gold tapers in crystal holders. Gold-decorated napery completed the table decorations. The cake, a gift from Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Ahola, was baked and decorated by Mrs. Ahola. It was topped with an arch of gold leaves from which hung the numerals "50." Silver services were used for coffee and tea and a gold cream pitcher and sugar bowl, a gift from the couple's grandson, Ronald, was also shown on the table. Floral arrangements were displayed about the hall.

The Misses Corinne and Marilyn Bennett, of Amasa, granddaughters of the couple, had charge of the guest book.

Out-of-town guests at the 50-year-jubilee, in addition to the children and grandchildren of the honored couple, were Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Kattner, of Wausaukee, Wis., and Miss Betty Reilly, Chicago. Ronald Bennett, son of the Arnold Bennetts and a theological student at Augustana college at Rock Island, was the only one of the couple's seven grandchildren unable to take part in the observance. He was in Crystal Falls, however, for the Bennett family Reunion in August.

Mr. and Mrs. Bennett received numerous gifts and floral tributes.

S. E. Bennett and the former Olive Stufflebeam were united in marriage 50 years ago in a ceremony solemnized by the late Rev. J. P. Collier. Following their marriage the couple lived in Wausaukee, Wis., and Daggett, Mich., coming to Crystal Falls from Daggett a quarter century ago.

The Bennetts reside at 304 South Fifth Street.



Marion
Bennett



Elmer Bennett
Olive Stufflebeam



Ron Bennett Family

back-Mike, Brenda, Steve w/Jeremy
Debi, Rolf, Janice, Lowell,
Patti, Eric

front - Daniel, Brian, Jennifer,
Ron, Priscilla, Stephenie,
Shelly



l-r Back Row
 Adeline Viola (Jones) Edwards
 Elizabeth (Bennett) Edwards
 Charles Mason Edwards

l-r front row
 Lucretia Edwards
 A.E. Edwards
 Sam Edwards
 Grace Edwards



Waterford Cemetery

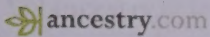


Charles "Mace" Edwards



EDWARDS FAMILY 1910
 SEATED - MARY - SAMUEL - ZELMA
 STANDING - GRACE - LUCRETIA - ARTIE

DESCENDANTS OF ELIZABETH BENNETT d/o ABRAHAM BENNETT

HL ShirleyJ26 Sign Out Account 14 Messages [Upgrade](#) Help[Home](#) [Family Trees](#) [Search](#) [Collaborate](#) [Learning Center](#) [DNA](#) [Publish](#) [Shop](#) [Hire An Expert](#) [Gift Memberships](#)

Minnie and Monnie Galer



MINNIE AND MONNIE
GALER
COUSINS
OF
MATTIE BELMONT

Attached to in this tree

 Monnie Galer
1891 - 1956 Minnie Galer
1891 - 1930

Other trees this object is saved to

Galer Family Tree

by Elise Sambrano on 17 Aug 2009

Harnett Family Tree

by woodwoman44 on 27 Jun 2011

MicheleNewman61 added this on 18 Nov 2009

Category Type: Portrait / Family Photo

 mrussell34 originally submitted this to [Russell Family Tree](#) on 5 Jan 2009

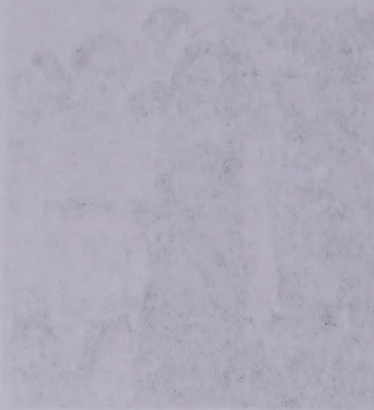


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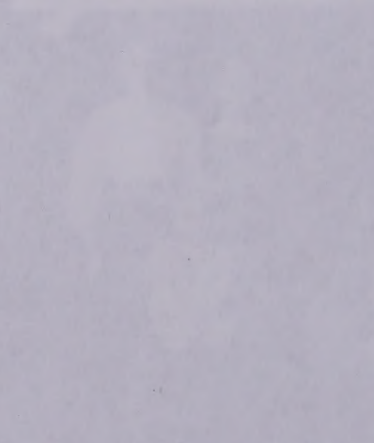


Figure 2. [Illegible text]

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Figure 3. [Illegible text]

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Galer, Eddie



GALER

COUSIN OF
"MARTIE" BEEMAN

MicheleNewman61 added this on 18 Nov 2009

Category Type: Portrait / Family

mrussell34 originally submitted this to Russell Family Photo

Tree on 12 Jan 2009

Attached to in this tree

Charles S Galer
1858 -Edward C Galer
1894 - 1981

Other trees this object is saved to

Galer Family Tree

by margotbartsch on 14 Oct 2012

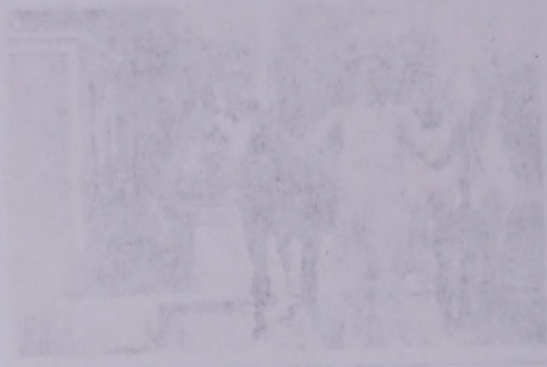
Galer Family Tree

by Elise Sambrano on 17 Aug 2009

Harnett Family Tree

by woodwoman44 on 22 Feb 2012

Color Photo



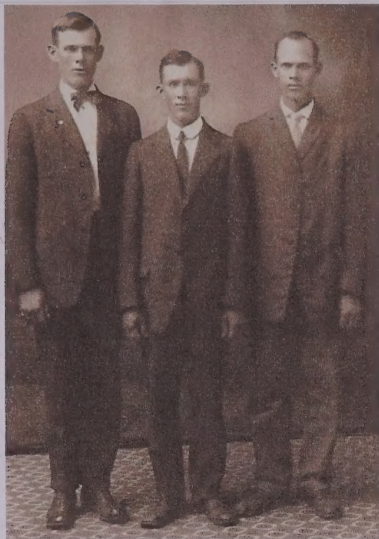
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38. 2085-2090
39. 2090-2095
40. 2095-2100

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33. 2060-2065
34. 2065-2070
35. 2070-2075
36. 2075-2080
37. 2080-2085
38. 2085-2090
39. 2090-2095
40. 2095-2100

The Galer Bro's, Ward, Ray, and Eddie



MicheleNewman61 added this on 18 Nov 2009

Category Type: Portrait / Family Photo

 mrussell34 originally submitted this to [Russell Family Tree](#) on 5 Jan 2009

Attached to in this tree

Ward Thomas Galer
1884 - 1973

Other trees this object is saved to

Thompson Family Tree

by sweet66lucy on 3 Feb 2010

Galer Family Tree

by Elise Sambrano on 17 Aug 2009

Mr. & Mrs. A.E. Edwards
50 Happy years. We love you
Your Family



Canton Daily Ledger
Canton, Illinois
14 February 1984

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY
CHICAGO, ILL.

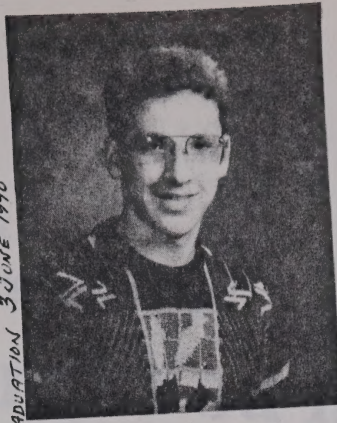


University of Chicago
Library
Chicago, Ill.



L-R
VIOLA MARIE EDWARDS - AGE 2
VERNA IRENE EDWARDS - AGE 4 1/2

1-2
Vernon James Edwards - 1912
Vernon James Edwards - 1912



GRADUATION 3 JUNE 1990

LEWISTOWN, ILLINOIS

Tadd Griffith



DAVE & VICKI'S HOME
LEWISTOWN IL



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Barbershopping:

Ham? You have to be →

By SALLY SHIVE
of the Journal Star

A hum from the pitch pipe — laughing and talking fades away.

Harmony fills the room as nearly 50 men lose themselves in old-time tunes, blending voices into a type of harmony found only in barbershopping.

Just a bunch of guys sitting around sharing a song? The Peoria Barbershop Society is that and much more.

One part is the skill of barbershopping. Although reading music is not a requirement, being able to blend with the group is.

Barbershop singing has four parts: lead, which is the melody; bass, which varies octaves; tenor, the high part and usually requires using a falsetto voice; and baritone, or "barely tones" are the deep rumbles. Baritones, described as garbage collectors by director Tom Griffith, hit whatever's left or "collect the garbage."

"Sit up."

"Pitch it up."

"OK, breathe."

Guided by Griffith, music seems to burst from

*'Show it with your face
and body — live it.*

*You must think past
the phrase. Take time
and reflect.'*

within him as he motivates the group with eyes, voice, hands and body.

Tunes such as "My Wild Irish Rose," "Girl of My Dreams," and "Coney Island Baby" are just a few of the shopper favorites.

The group sings two types of songs, "uptunes" and "TJs," or tear jerkers. The semi-religious songs are not sung in contests.

Griffith stressed that the group is "not a chorus. Most of the people don't read music. We're just average guys — truck drivers, farmers and one barber."



The Barbershoppers Quartet features (from left) Joe Krones, bass; director Tom Griffith, lead;

Jim Krones, tenor; and John Russell, baritone.

MY RED-HEAD, TOM, AGE 32.
Vicki

pure pork

Black hair to gray hair to no hair, the group has members ranging in age from 16 to 80.

The men meet every Thursday night at Lakeview Museum to practice. They perform 50 to 75 times a year. It's a lot of work, but worth it. As 35-year-member Don Summers put it — "We're hams, we like to sing." To which Griffith replied, "Ham? You have to be pure pork."

The entire name of the society is Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America Inc. (SPEBSQSA). It was founded in 1938 with 26 members and the society has grown to more than 38,000 in the United States and Canada. Their motto: Keep America singing.

In 1964, the society adopted as its unified service project the Institute of Logopedics in Wichita, Kan. The institute works with speech handicaps. Barbershoppers support the program through donations, benefit shows and memorials. Contributions have exceeded \$4 million.

The barbershoppers' slogan: "We sing . . . that they shall speak."

Why barbershopping?

Griffith became interested through his 82-year-old grandfather who is still a member. Griffith joined the group in 1973 and began directing seven years ago.

His directing focuses not only on voice but movements.

"Show it with your face and body — live it. You must think past the phrase. Take time and reflect.

"Take the moves and actions to where it's cornball to you. It won't come out that way to the audiences."

Griffith motivates the group: "What do you have to sell? Yourself. Do you believe in music? Do you believe in entertainment?"

You bet they do.

Dress is casual — polyesters, some blue jeans, a few corduroys — but a love of singing and entertaining is mandatory.

Practice sessions are sometimes strict and serious, often laughing and joking, but always fun.

And when contests are close, strict and serious are the passwords.

Griffith warns, "You won't have fun at contests unless you're singing your best."

The practice draws to a close and the group emotionally ends it with . . . "Keep the Whole World Singing."

And, they do.



Photos by
Alan Harkrader

Using hands, mouth, eyes and body to lead the group is director Tom Griffith.



Vicki Hayes Lois Edwards
A. Emery Edwards Verna Stephens



Vicki A. Emery R. Terry
Tadd



Robert Terry Thomas Emery
Timothy Edward



Vicki



Dave & Vicki



1983

Verna (Edwards)
Stephens



Mary (Bennett)
Prevo

Ed and Erma
James



Mt. Zion Cemetery
Oakley, Lucas Co. Iowa

Tombstone of Mary (Bennett) Prevo
3/17/1838 - 18 May 1895



Bennett & Nancy J.
Bennett Fluharty



Anna Belle (Olu Hartig)
Munnick

George Munnick



Bennett Olu Hartig and
Nancy Bennett



Rose Hill Cemetery
Mt. Airy, Iowa

Bennett Fluharty
Nancy (Bennett)



Charles B. Fluharty
s/o Bennett and
Nancy

